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Chairman: J. M. KEYNES.

Editor: H. D. HENDERSON.

Telephone: Business Manager: Museum 5551.

Editorial: Museum 5552.

Telegrams: "Nationetta, Holb. London."

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## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE conference between the employers' and operatives' organizations in the cotton trade to consider the extraordinary reports submitted by the former took place on Tuesday. The operatives took the obvious line of arguing that, before any proposal regarding hours or wages could be considered, a searching inquiry must be held into the causes of the present plight of the industry, and they suggested that the Government should be asked to set up a Statutory

Committee with full powers to obtain all relevant information. Nothing is likely to come of the suggestion of a Statutory Committee, which would be highly unpalatable to the employers, but the employers are hardly in a position to resist a joint inquiry into all the various matters vaguely touched on in their reports. Indeed, it would appear—though there is some confusion on the point—that it has already been agreed to set up a joint committee for the purpose. It would seem inevitable that such discussions must be lengthy, and that their main effect must be to bring into prominence the fact that the employers, while admitting defects in the organization of the industry, have no remedies of any sort to suggest. In short, the admissions in the employers' reports put the operatives in a strong position for refusing to discuss hours and wages except as an integral part of a reorganization of the industry. Doubts, moreover, are now widespread among the employers as to the wisdom of their policy, so that it is possible that under cover of a prolonged inquiry, they may retreat from a position which they should never have taken up.

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Signs are not wanting that industrial relations in many industries are to be tested by strains and stresses which will need large quantities of the emulsion of co-operation. In addition to the critical position in the coal mining and cotton industries, it must be remembered that the wool textile industry has been entirely without any collective agreement as to wages and hours since November, and, though there have so far been none of the frontier incidents which might have been expected in such circumstances, this has been due mainly to the small improvement of trade which has been proceeding. This improvement may develop satisfactorily, but, on the other hand, it may not, and, if there is a relapse, it is pretty certain that the demand for a wage reduction will be revived. Since last week the same position has come about in the textile dyeing trade, three months' notice to terminate the 1923 agreement having expired. Though this notice was given by the operatives, it is more likely that the employers will take action first, but so far they are holding their hand. These disputes will hang together, and so, to some extent, will the prospective actions of the trade unions in the shipbuilding and engineering industries. The shipbuilding unions have already formally revived their demand for a wage increase of ten shillings per week, which was first advanced in 1925, and they are meeting the employers at the end of this month. For the moment the engineering unions cannot make a definite application, as, when they obtained the advance of two shillings to time-workers last August it was agreed that wages should be stabilized for six months. The unions, however, are meeting together in the near future to make their

plans, and there is little doubt that a substantial increase in wages will be demanded at the earliest possible moment.

The Cabinet met on Wednesday for the first time this year, and it is understood that the work of the coming session was under consideration. It can hardly have been a very cheerful gathering. The policy of putting off the evil day, which has hitherto been persistently pursued by the Government, has the disadvantage that the day, when it comes, is very evil. In this last session of the present Parliament Ministers are pledged up to the hilt to extend the franchise to women at the age of twenty-one, to give long-term credits to farmers, to put through a new Factories Act, to do something about Poor Law Reform, and something about the House of Lords. The extension of the franchise is very unpopular in the Tory Party; the joint stock banks do not take kindly to the Government's scheme for agricultural credits; the Factories Bill is violently opposed by a large section of Tory industrialists; the Poor Law question (which is bound to come up in some form, since the Metropolitan Common Poor Law Fund Act expires this year) raises many thorny issues; and the Government has already burnt its fingers badly over the House of Lords. It is not surprising that there are persistent rumours of an early General Election, but Mr. Baldwin can hardly dissolve Parliament before attempting to redeem at least some of these pledges.

The resignation of Sir Burton Chadwick from the Parliamentary Secretaryship of the Board of Trade will be received with satisfaction by many critics of the present Ministerial regime in that Department. In his letter to the Prime Minister, Sir Burton gives as one reason for resigning that

"I feel it my duty to make room for a younger man who, given his start as an under-secretary at an earlier age, should prove to be a source of strength to the Conservative Party in the future."

This "generous and public-spirited offer" is accepted by Mr. Baldwin as "team work of a very high order," and Mr. H. G. Williams has been appointed to the vacant office. At the same time Colonel G. R. Lane-Fox resigns the Secretaryship for Mines, to take up his duties as a member of the Indian Statutory Commission. Thus another of the threatened Departments survives to change its Ministerial head, the Department of Overseas Trade having recently exchanged Mr. A. M. Samuel for Mr. D. H. Hacking. Commodore H. Douglas King is the new Secretary for Mines, and Mr. Duff Cooper becomes Financial Secretary, War Office, in succession to Commodore King. The *Times* has yet to reveal whether it is satisfied with the results of the "overhaul" which it has so long demanded.

The Second Report of the Select Committee on Estimates devotes a good deal of space to Admiralty expenditure, especially in connection with the Naval Staff. A staff in peace time is always open to criticism. It is essential that the staff shall at all times be free of administrative work; for it exists to plan and organize operations, actual or possible, and to investigate problems of strategy and tactics. Much of its peace-time work is thus of a purely precautionary character, and it is extraordinarily difficult to balance demands for economy with the legitimate requirements of a skeleton organization. The Committee have not revived the view so frequently expressed by old admirals, that no staff is necessary; but they are clearly of opinion that there is room for considerable economies

both in the Naval Staff and in the technical and administrative branches of the Admiralty. Their main criticisms are of excessive subdivision, leading to redundant appointments, and of duplication in the work carried on by the naval and civilian staffs of the various departments. It appears that the Board have recently appointed a committee to report on possible economies, and the Select Committee are awaiting the results of this investigation before making recommendations on their own account. It is to be hoped that they will not be satisfied by any scheme that does not promise a substantial saving.

A reliable forecast of the Admiralty estimates for 1928-9 states that only two cruisers are to be laid down, making a total of three cruisers in the current and coming financial years, as against six contemplated by the five years' programme. The Cabinet's decision, which is attributed to the influence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, involves a saving of about £6,000,000. Little of this will appear in the present year's budget, but a considerable reduction of expenditure is expected in 1929-30. This, however, is somewhat cold comfort when it is remembered that, under the Washington Treaty, two battleships may be laid down in 1930-1, and, if the replacement is actually carried out, it will involve an expenditure of £14,000,000 or £15,000,000 during the four succeeding years. It is very difficult to make any comment on the present cuts until we know what policy lies behind them. They are welcome indeed if they indicate a determination not to be rushed into competition by the new American programme; but it is abundantly clear that no substantial reduction, and no permanent limitation of naval expenditure is to be expected in default of international agreement, and we should like to be assured that these cuts are not intended merely to defer the evil day and divert attention from the urgent necessity of repairing the failure at Geneva.

The opening of the Pan-American Congress at Havana was signalized by a speech from President Coolidge which was mainly devoted to congratulating the Republics of North and South America on the example set to the rest of the world by their democracy, love of peace, dislike of excessive armaments, and freedom from any idea of domination. A passage dealing with the importance of preserving "Western ideals" and the impossibility of anyone else helping in the task may be construed as a side-blow at the League of Nations; but apart from this the speech was singularly free from anything that could be considered as a reference to concrete political problems. There was certainly no reference to Nicaragua or to Mexico. It will be interesting to see whether the representatives of the Latin Republics maintain the same aloofness from actualities. The relations between these States and their great neighbour have always been difficult. In Europe, and even in the League of Nations, the jealousies of the Great Powers have given the smaller States an opportunity to assert their views. In the Pan-American Union the overwhelming strength of the United States stands out without a rival or a second. It is small wonder that the South American Republics have watched with some suspicion the absorption of Central America into a United States sphere of influence, or that they are less inclined than President Coolidge to build a wall of isolation between the New and the Old World.

Those responsible for drafting the agenda of the Conference of Federal German States were well advised



to focus attention on practical questions of administration and finance, and to leave questions of State sovereignty alone. To have invited the smallest of the petty sovereignties of the Reich to state its claims to sovereign jurisdiction within its borders, would have raised a storm of controversy, and would have given the Bavarian monarchists an exceptional opportunity. Much can be done by amicable discussion and agreement to pension off some of the most tiresome survivals of petty sovereignty in Germany. Even if each State and sovereign bailiwick retains its theoretical autonomy, uniform systems of collecting inland revenue can be introduced by common consent, and the promise of Reich assistance, in taking over certain internal administrative services, is likely to be welcomed by small States with small resources. Reform on these lines is, moreover, calculated to win support from the wealthy commercial bourgeoisie of the West, who do not regard impediments to trade and circulation sentimentally, and at the present moment, the Republican parties can do with support from this quarter.

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The retirement of Herr Gessler, the German Defence Minister, will be widely regretted both in Germany and abroad, for he has discharged with great honesty and ability a most difficult task. It was his duty, as successor to Herr Noske, to make the Reichswehr a reliable defence force. He had to curb the unconstitutional tendencies of a large section of the officers; to satisfy the Republican parties that the Reichswehr administration was neither controlled nor influenced by the powerful and sinister unofficial organizations whose activities were brought into the limelight by the State trials for treason, and criminal trials for political murder. On the other hand, he had to set his face firmly against unreasonable interference with the Reichswehr by foreign Powers, whilst allaying French suspicions of the mobilization arrangements. The difficulty of his task was increased by the fact that, like all men who steer a middle course, Herr Gessler could never be sure what support he would obtain for his particular acts, although his general policy was very widely approved. He has now broken down under the strain of long continued overwork and anxiety, coupled with heavy domestic troubles. He will not be easy to replace; but there is no reason to anticipate any serious departure from his cautious policy.

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A note in the PRAVDA, the organ of Dr. Marinkovitch, the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, has now definitely and semi-officially confirmed the statement that the Agreement between Yugoslavia and Italy has been extended for six months, and that this may be considered as a preliminary to new negotiations, running parallel with the Italo-French conversations. Two other statements of interest to students of Balkan politics have also appeared recently. In a declaration on foreign policy, M. Michalakopoulos, the Greek Foreign Minister, spoke sympathetically of the idea of a Balkan Locarno, and stated definitely that Greece was prepared to discuss the question of facilities in the Salonika free zone, at a conference with representatives of Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Hungary. In Sofia, it is stated officially that an agreement has been reached between Bulgaria and Roumania which embodies a concession by Roumania on a reparations question, and is regarded as a distinct step towards a Roumanian-Bulgarian rapprochement.

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On Wednesday, the Lord Chief Justice passed sentence of ten years' penal servitude upon McCartney, a

Scotsman, aged twenty-nine, who has had an extremely adventurous life, and Hansen, a German, aged twenty-four, for endeavouring to obtain secret information for the benefit of Soviet Russia. There is no reason to doubt that both men were employed by an organization of spies, or that they have been justly sentenced. The doubt which is forcibly suggested by nearly every case of the kind is whether the results obtained by espionage are of sufficient value to justify the elaborate and costly mechanism employed for the purpose. From the nature of the case it is impossible to scrutinize Secret Service expenditure in the way that other State enterprises are scrutinized, and it is only too likely that considerable sums of money are wasted on fruitless efforts to obtain information of no real importance. In this particular case, McCartney seems to have been paid £600 a year, and Hansen probably more, without any benefit accruing to their employers. Espionage will no doubt continue to be practised so long as international suspicion remains the powerful force that it now is. But it would be a wise economy to cut it down to the smallest possible dimensions.

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A Conference was held at the Ministry of Health on Monday to consider what steps should be taken to avert a repetition of the flood disaster in London. It was rather a pitiful affair. Sir Kingsley Wood presided, and, one after another, representatives of the London County Council, the Port of London Authority, the Thames Conservancy, and the various Borough Authorities arose, expressed his sympathy with the sufferers, and explained that the duties devolving upon the body for which he spoke had been faithfully carried out. Alderman Smith, M.P., of Bermondsey, pointed out, however, that there is a delay of seventy-one minutes between high tide at the Isle of Dogs and at Teddington, and suggested that this should have allowed time for warning to be given. Nobody seems to have replied to this criticism, but a small sub-committee was appointed to consider all suggestions, and the Conference will meet again when the sub-committee has reported. In opening the Conference Sir Kingsley Wood said that the position of London itself was first being examined, but they did not forget or desire to neglect other districts, and the Ministry's Engineering Inspectors were making a special investigation. This is a welcome statement, so far as it goes, for the unprecedented misfortune of London should not be allowed, as we remarked last week, to distract attention from the annual flooding of the Thames Valley.

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London is within seven weeks of the triennial elections for the County Council, which take place on March 8th. For the first time in the history of the L.C.C. these elections will be fought by Liberals as Liberals; for the Progressive Party, which has hitherto been responsible for Liberalism in the Council, ceased to have any organized existence shortly after the elections of 1925. On that occasion, it will be remembered, the Progressives were only able to put forward some thirty-five candidates, of whom only six were elected. The London Liberal Federation has now taken over responsibility for the L.C.C. elections, and already the situation is much more hopeful. At the moment of writing, approximately seventy Liberal candidates are either adopted or on the point of adoption, and it is expected that this number will be increased to about a hundred before nomination day arrives. As there are only one hundred and twenty-four seats in the Council, this means that Liberalism is offering itself seriously as a possible government for London.

## THE OPEN CONSPIRACY

THE conference of employers and trade union leaders over which Sir Alfred Mond presided last week at Burlington House marks a very interesting development in our industrial affairs. The composition of the conference was significantly anomalous. On the one side were the members of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, coming there as the General Council of the Trades Union Congress. On the other side there were a number of eminent individuals, styling themselves "a representative group of employers," who were there, as Sir Alfred Mond was careful to explain, "neither as representatives of associations nor as representatives of their respective businesses," but purely "in their individual capacity." They considered, Sir Alfred Mond proceeded, that "a conference of this character might possibly lead to more fruitful results than if the employers' side had been organized purely representative of trade associations." For, "in that case, they would have felt themselves to be more in the position of delegates, with less individual freedom and more bound by past procedure than they were." He might have given another reason. As representatives of trade associations, these particular employers would not have been there at all. The group present last week at Burlington House—Sir Alfred Mond, Mr. Samuel Courtauld, Sir Josiah Stamp, Sir John Cadman, Sir Hugo Hirst, Sir Charles Parsons, Mr. Kenneth Lee, to mention only a few of the names—is impressive and in one sense highly representative. It is highly representative, that is to say, of the more capable, constructive, and enterprising employers throughout the whole field of British industry. But a committee representative of employers' organizations would have been very differently composed, a point which gives rise to some reflections.

It is often said that democracy, supreme in politics, is absent in the world of industry. But democratic methods of a sort are employed to settle some of our most important industrial affairs. The organizations which conduct the process of collective bargaining, and with which rests accordingly the vital decision of industrial peace or war, are based on both sides on constitutions of a democratic, in some cases of a primitively democratic character. And the results, it must be owned, as they have shown themselves during the last few years, are such as to illustrate the weaknesses alleged by its opponents to be inherent in democracy. There was no more striking feature of the coal dispute of 1926 than the inability of the Miners' Federation to adapt its policy to changing circumstances; while the general difficulty of securing for *leadership* its due influence in the trade-union world is notorious. But is the position really much more satisfactory on the employers' side? Are the coal-owners and the cotton employers really as crass as they are made to appear by their representative organizations? Notoriously, they include many men of high ability and real constructive gifts—indeed, outstanding men. But a representative trade organization does not reflect the spirit of its outstanding men. It reflects more often the spirit of its weaker, less efficient members, the men

who are hard pressed by immediate difficulties and who cannot take long views. And thus it comes about that, in negotiations between Capital and Labour, in many important industries, no one exerts less influence, or is less considered, than the type of employer who was present last week at Burlington House.

Up to a point, no doubt, this is inevitable and even defensible. Arrangements as to wages, hours, &c., must be framed with reference to the capacity of the average employer and not of the exceptional employer. But it is not satisfactory that those who are marked out by their capacities, their records, and their positions as our natural leaders of industry should be virtually excluded from any effective leadership on large issues of industrial policy, the wise handling of which is vital to our national prosperity. For that is what it comes to. It is becoming less and less appropriate to treat questions of wages, hours, and conditions of labour, by themselves, in a water-tight compartment of bargaining, conciliation, and compromise. They are coming to be inextricably mixed up with the complex problems of industrial reconstruction. We saw this in the case of the coal dispute two years ago. We see it even more clearly in the present controversy in the cotton trade. It is idle to discuss the demands put forward by the cotton employers along the old lines of attempting to measure, as though it were a matter for statistical determination, how much the industry can afford to pay. The question at issue is a much larger one. What sort of policy shall the cotton trade pursue in face of the difficulties which confront it? Shall it embark on the desperate adventure of trying to recapture its lost markets by depressing the standard of living of its workpeople? Or shall it set itself to the task of overhauling its organization from top to bottom? More and more do our disputes between capital and labour tend to assume this new character of issues of fundamental economic statesmanship.

Upon such issues there is apt to be a sharp divergence between the type of employer's opinion which predominates in trade associations and the type represented at Burlington House. It is certainly high time that the latter type of employer's opinion should be brought to bear on the problems of industrial relationship; and we may perhaps regard this as the chief function which the present Conference is designed to fulfil. Readers of Mr. H. G. Wells will remember William Clissold's desire for an "open conspiracy," which should bind together in a sense of fellowship and common purpose those working in different spheres for constructive ends, pre-eminently scientists and big business men. Can we discern the beginnings of such an open conspiracy in this peculiar Conference? Certainly it is not fantastic to hope that it may demonstrate the truth of Clissold's thesis that the efficient and enlightened director of Big Business, for all that he is commonly the main target of demagogic denunciation, is really the natural ally of the man whose heart is set on the moulding of a better social order.

Sir Alfred Mond outlined an extensive list of problems for the consideration of the Conference. It is noteworthy that he placed in the forefront:—

"The better organization of existing industries, by means of amalgamation, rationalization, introduction of



new processes and of new methods, both technical and administrative,"

indicating as a matter of especial concern to labour in this connection,

"the methods of dealing with those who might become eliminated as workers owing to the introduction of methods which improved the industry as a whole through carefully prepared methods of transference and greater mobility of labour, and by a system of compensation and pension. . . ."

He proceeded to the question of the "security and status of the worker," alluding to profit-sharing, Works' Councils, and arrangements for consultation and information which would give the worker "an interest in what the business he was employed in was doing." He then enumerated the "social problems which should be investigated," naming housing, health, unemployment insurance, and education; and added various other topics, among them "the effect of national taxation and rates upon the development of the industrial community."

On some of these questions it may be doubted whether the Conference will be able to contribute anything very useful. It may be doubted, for example, whether it will spend its time to any profit in investigating those questions which are primarily the concern of Parliament, such as taxation and social policy. Nor, indeed, on any question can we expect the Conference to evolve anything in the nature of detailed schemes. The problems vary, as Sir Alfred Mond recognized, from industry to industry, and they "must be dealt with by the industries themselves. What was to be considered were the general lines of policy which they could recommend, particular application of which must be determined by the various industries in the way most suitable to each." In other words, the function of the Conference is to define a code of principles for solving the interdependent problems of industrial reorganization and industrial relations, which may serve as an authoritative grammar of industrial statesmanship. If it succeeds in this task, its influence on our industrial future will be far-reaching.

As our industrial issues shape themselves more and more definitely, they call for new alignments of opinion. The cleavage that matters is ceasing to be that between Capital and Labour. Belonging, naturally, to one camp, and bound together, whether they realize it or not, by purposes which are similar or at least complementary, are those employers of constructive outlook who are alive to the various needs of industrial reorganization, and those trade unionists who recognize that the prosperity of the workers is bound up with industrial efficiency. Belonging naturally to the other camp are those employers who are unwilling or unable to adapt their methods or their minds to new conditions, and the wreckers in the ranks of trade unionism. The forces in the latter camp need no dealings with one another. They play into each other's hands unconsciously. But the constructive forces, if they are to prevail, do need to understand one another and to become conscious of their dependence on one another. The present Conference should promote this understanding and this consciousness.

## PILSUDSKI AND POLAND

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

POLAND now lives under an enlightened despotism. A set of decent men is in power, probably as good a set as can be found anywhere in the country. Their hands are clean and their outlook and administrative practice are more liberal than those of any who preceded them, indeed much more liberal than they could be were these men truly representative of their nation. But their rule is and must be undemocratic and their political existence insecure.

There is no basis at present for a sound, moderate, liberal Government in a democratic Poland; for it cannot be found either in the peasant masses, politically reactionary, but revolutionary and economically dangerous where the land question is concerned; or in the narrow, clerical *petit bourgeois*; or in Socialist Labour, useful in opposition but unfit to govern; or in the ultra-Nationalist middle classes, intent on keeping down the eleven million non-Poles included in Poland and full of an aggressive hatred against Poland's neighbours. The foremost adherents of the present Polish Government, the aristocratic Conservatives and the Radical intelligentsia, represent no voting strength, and under universal suffrage, by their own numbers, cannot carry a single seat in a backward country, devoid of political tradition and training. The dignified, moderate Conservatives, of a type which in this country would follow a Balfour or a Cecil and not the Diehards, have no masses in Poland bound to them by a sense of inherited reverence, nor are there any Nonconformists to support the Radical intellectuals—the two groups which will not appeal by "stunts" to superstitious, warped, uncultured minds. Men are in power now in Poland such as reformers of a hundred years ago hoped to see chosen by an enlightened electorate, but whom very few democracies return to office and for whom anyhow there was no place in Poland's democratically elected Diets. It is good that they are in office, and yet less excellence would be preferable had it merely been reached in a normal way, and was it secure against the chapter of accidents. The fate of a system, and of a country, should not depend on the life, still less the whim of one individual.

But that is the position of Poland at the present time. Pilsudski, strong and even great, but incalculable and whimsical, alone dominates the situation. His extraordinary personality has introduced some order where there was nothing but squalid muddles. But this has been done in a way which would leave things in the most utter chaos were he suddenly removed; he is the one and only buckle which holds together weak and contradictory elements, in a manner that confuses natural alignments and prevents natural growth and development. It has been his weakness throughout life that he cannot co-operate with other men nor lead them as the first among equals; he inspires devotion, but does not educate his followers to independent action. He himself is a ghost surrounded by a legend, not a man working in a normal, sane manner. One wonders how in the long run he will affect Poland's future?

Pilsudski started as a revolutionary Socialist, a conspirator and leader of a terrorist organization. His Socialism was skin-deep and he continued with the Labour movement mainly because it offered him the one possible recruiting-ground for his revolutionary war against the foreign, Tsarist dominion over Poland. His was the ideology of about 1848 adapted to the social conditions of 1900. He represented the traditions of the Polish gentry, a wide, turbulent class of belted knights, sometimes self-sacrificing, at other times parasitic, always impractical, essentially undemocratic, with little regard or understanding for nations and classes not born to the sword. Poland

did not regain independence when the Germans, Italians, and Magyars established their national States, and this retarded growth, combined with enforced political non-existence, carried over the ideology of a past age into our own time. These ideas Pilsudski succeeded in grafting on to the Polish Socialist Party—a remarkable feat with freakish results. In the revolution of 1905 Pilsudski led the terrorist forces of the party in a way incompatible with even remotely normal aims of a Labour movement, and when called upon to submit to the Central Labour Committee, replied by demanding a change in the constitution of the party which would have given his numerically small terrorist cadres, *i.e.*, ultimately himself, absolute command of the party. In other words, the entire Labour movement was to be subordinated to the requirements of its military organization—he was out to establish a military dictatorship in a party which called itself Socialist.

There is no need to deal here at length with Pilsudski's further activities, either at that time or during the war. The point to be noted is that even in those early days his outlook was essentially militarist and his creed undemocratic, if by democracy we understand due respect for one's fellow men rather than absence of privilege. Further, that even then the line he took resulted in very queer ideological confusion: Polish Socialism received a romantic, national, militarist colouring and became the heir to a tradition of chivalry, whilst the nascent Polish militarism was given a connection such as the Napoleonic armies had inherited from the French Revolution, but which was not to be found anywhere in Europe after 1830.

Once the Polish State was re-established, Pilsudski discarded all vestige of Socialism and many an idea besides which he had professed whilst it worked in favour of his own nation. Whatever his own rather confused and romantic ideas may have been concerning Lithuania and the White and Little Russians, Poland's Eastern frontiers, for which he is co-responsible, form a true counterpart to what Ludendorff and Kühlmann would have done in Poland and the Baltic Provinces had Germany been victorious. The last touch given to these frontiers was essentially his own—it was he who ordered Zeligowski, the day after the Polish Government had officially concluded an agreement with Lithuania under the auspices of the League of Nations, to declare himself a rebel and invade Lithuanian territory. A few years later Pilsudski openly boasted of having given that order—but did that in any way embarrass him or affect the high priests of international morality at Geneva in December, 1927? Pilsudski is not at bottom a cynic, but the old conspirator has little respect for order and legality and obviously a deep contempt for Western Europe, which he does not mind showing. We should be grateful to him for thus reminding us of the realities of the international situation.

Pilsudski is essentially a militarist and a nationalist—but again not of the ordinary kind. The vilest of modern jingoes, those who are great and noisy whenever they can inflict violence on helpless victims, were not with Pilsudski in the days when, in continuous danger of life, he fought against Tsardom for Poland's national independence. They were subservient to the Russians when the Russians were dominant, and their fervour at that time was directed exclusively against the Jews and Ukrainians—always against people in a much weaker position than themselves. In their opportunist servility to superior powers, they even attacked and vilified Pilsudski and his romantic, revolutionary followers. In honour of Pilsudski and his followers be it said that they can never finish in one camp with these men. Pilsudski has no use either for their mentality or their persons. He carries in him the traditions of a gentry

which was prepared to sacrifice life and property for an idea, and represents a national egotism, regardless of the rights of other nations but free of a mean, persecuting passion. He has carved out as much non-Polish territory from the living bodies of other nations as he thought fit, and he will ruthlessly suppress any national movement of theirs resembling that which he himself led in the interests of his own nation twenty years ago. But he will not gratuitously persecute the subject nationalities in Poland in the way the Polish "National Democrats" would like to do it.

Pilsudski is neither a politician nor an administrator; he would gladly have left that work to others. He never aimed at becoming a dictator, in fact, after the war he deliberately effaced himself in politics, concentrating entirely on the army. But no firm system arose from a Diet of grafting politicians relying on an electorate of political illiterates. In a moment of utter disgust Pilsudski kicked Poland's rotten political edifice, and it fell to pieces. It was now obviously incumbent on him to clear the ground. The men whom to their faces he called thieves and *canaille* and threatened with the whip, replied by electing him President of the Republic. He refused the post and put into it Poland's "unknown civilian," a decent man chosen well-nigh at random. But this did not free Pilsudski of the burden and the responsibility; he could not leave the innocents he had placed in power to their own fate. They live by him alone, under his wing. He cannot call them lice creeping under his collar, a description he once applied to certain politicians, for they no more than he sought office, but were placed in it by him. The army which he has created is with him, whilst all the forces which in other countries support dictatorships, the Fascisti by whatever name they go, are bitterly hostile to Pilsudski and his Government, though they dare not act openly so long as he holds the field. In short, this is now a dictatorship of moderates and progressives, supported by an army under the spell of hero worship, and if it collapses, the reactionaries and jingoes, the exponents of violence and oppression, will take their place; a queerer dictatorship is not to be found anywhere in Europe, and one does not know what to think of its future.

The Poles by nature are not organizers; in the days of their old Republic they coined a maxim unique in political lore—"the non-existence of government is the foundation of Poland." During the century when their State was in abeyance, they got accustomed to speak of Government as "*they*," meaning the strangers who were their rulers. Now they speak of "*him*," meaning Pilsudski. Government continues to be something extraneous to them. Were Pilsudski a leader and a practical politician, he might possibly create a party, for from all political groups men of good will are ready to gather to him. But he despises politics and parties, and in a supreme degree plays the game which Chatham at one time ventured to play in this country, with disastrous results. But then at least there was with us the reality of Monarchy, one fixed point in the system, and with that there was a chance of truly decent, efficient government subsisting without programmes and parties; even so the chance vanished when Chatham was eliminated by ill-health. And this is clearly the vast superiority of even a moderately tolerable party government over the most excellent personal regime, that it rests on a wide basis and offers a good chance of retaining the ground which is gained. But though there has been a marked improvement in Polish administration during the two years of Pilsudski's Government, its political results are negative, or even worse. In June, 1926, Pilsudski destroyed whatever authority the old Diet may have possessed; had he dissolved it then and there and appealed to



the country, the indignity would have attached to the men, and not to the institution. But he deliberately continued the discredited Diet as long as he could under the constitution, as if he wanted to say that nothing better could be expected in Poland; and he treated it with supreme contempt, summoning it in a formal way but proroguing it whenever there was any show of opposition.

A general election is to be held in March, and whilst the old parties are decaying from political atrophy, Pilsudski so far has made no attempt to form one of his own. It is obvious that this would not be an easy task as his ideas do not square with the interests of any of the social classes into which the country is divided; his party would have to bear a personal character. Still, with the enormous prestige of his name it could be formed, and if properly led it might in time harden into shape and survive its maker. As it is, a moderate, decent Government, depending on one man alone, now saps in Poland the natural foundations of its normal existence. One wonders whether Pilsudski is not clearing the ground for the men he hates and despises most, the jingo reactionaries, who previously had neither the strength nor the courage to assume the dictatorship for which they had always pined.

## THE REFORMS AND THE RYOT

WE shall probably hear much about the Indian ryot or peasant during the next three years. As disputes about the future Constitution grow hotter, each of the contending parties will appeal more and more to that conveniently silent oracle "the toiling peasantry of India." Lord Birkenhead, who has never seen a ryot, and Earl Winterton, who could not speak to one, will doubtless stake out the Englishman's claim to be his special protector. With equal assurance Indian Liberals and Congress politicians will show that they alone are the ryot's true friend. Meanwhile the Simon Commission will be really examining the question whether it is feasible to transfer more authority to the seven million Indians who form the present electorate, and whose numbers cannot be increased without making the constituencies impossible to handle. Even today over 70 per cent. of country voters are unable to read the candidates' names on the polling card, although the franchise limit excludes all except the fairly substantial ryot, or, in areas where the landlord system holds, the tenant who pays fifty rupees rent. The great mass of small peasants and manual workers will remain voteless and inarticulate.

We really know very little about the Indian peasant's political ideas, or how he is reacting to the conflict which is being waged in his name. There is very little basis for the conventional Conservative view that he is loyal and contented. The last fifteen years have proved that only politicians with advanced nationalist views have been able to make him do something, without pay or compulsion, which he did not want to do, such as to defy Government and endanger his tenancy or emigrate to a new and inhospitable country. During the war good pay, helped by some official pressure, was enough to persuade villagers to join the Army, or to serve in Labour Corps, but few men who were working in the districts would claim that the war roused any feeling of patriotism. In many areas the news of a British defeat was received with pleasure, and after the end of the war Indian politicians discovered that it was painfully easy to arouse violent anti-European passions. The country is so large, and the people so varied, that it is absurd to be dogmatic, but there is not a scrap of evidence to prove that we have won a greater measure of support

and affection amongst the villagers than we have amongst Indian business men, officials, rentiers, and professional men.

The idea that there exists some strong personal tie between the peasants and the British official is one that still survives in England. There is little evidence to support it, and a few figures may help to show that over most of rural India there is no personal contact at all. If we take the population of British India alone—without the Indian States—and omit also the large cities and the cantonment towns, we still have a population of about two hundred millions, living for the most part in some 600,000 villages. The number of European officials touring in these districts is under two thousand, and many of these are doing jobs which entail a great deal of office work, and leave them little time for visiting villages. Only a very small percentage of Indians have even spoken to an Englishman, and there are probably many who have never seen one. The British official must have always seemed something aloof and far away. At best the peasant would look upon him as a foreigner, wealthy, rather mad, but independent, and for those reasons a useful court of appeal when the petty official became too rapacious, or when communal troubles were acute. In many ways the British official, because of his higher pay and incorruptibility, would compare very favourably with the underpaid and grasping minor Indian official. The peasant has often shown that he fears the elevation of these minor officials to the higher posts, usually held by Englishmen, but this was not because the minor officials were Indian, but because they were corrupt. It does not unfortunately prove that he has the least fondness for British rule. It is, of course, possible to allege anything one likes about the Indian ryot. He remains inarticulate, and probably will remain so when treated much better or worse than at present. The only honest test we can apply to our guardianship of the villager, is to reckon what we bring him in exchange for the taxes which he pays.

The writer recently visited a district in which he worked before the war, in order to get some idea whether the Reform scheme, so far as it is working, had made any difference to village life. It was hard to find any signs of change. The last fifteen years had seen great fluctuations in prices, and these, though they had not benefited the ryot, had tempted him to raise very slightly his standard of living. He is more inclined to put his child into a shirt and send him to school. Land Revenue was collected at the same rate, and in the same way as before. The law, criminal and civil, had not altered, but a Parsee had succeeded the English judge. The police were still under an Englishman, but there had been no change in their number or administration which would affect the village. A few village schools had been built, but the rate of building had not increased, but rather decreased during the last seven years. Some new roads had been made, but others had been allowed to deteriorate. A famine had occurred recently, and the methods of relief, and the penurious scale on which it was granted, were as archaic as ever. (They were, however, planning to put up a new building to be called a famine museum, but for what object, unless to house the famine code, I was unable to discover.) Some attempts were being made to bring medical help nearer the villager, but not on a scale which would have any real effect. It was clear that, whatever might be happening at headquarters, very little echo of it had reached my old friends Chandappa and Basappa, those respectable Lingaiyet cultivators, and even less their hard-working wives, Basavva and Chandavva.

It is easy to understand this failure. The Reform scheme introduced a new and complicated form of machinery in order to give some measure of popular control over the

executive. The old machinery was left intact. Three Ministers and their staffs were added to an executive which, for various reasons, was becoming yearly more expensive. Expenses increased in all directions. New offices, new Council Chambers were needed, and in every Province these are being built. Unfortunately, one cannot take more out of a purse than one puts in. Either taxation would have to be increased, or there would be less money to be spent in the districts. The field of taxation in India is strictly limited, so that the first effect of the Reforms on the spending departments was that there was less money than before for the kind of public works which interest the villager, for schools, roads, minor irrigation works, &c. There has always been a bad tradition, encouraged by many Governors, of spending too much money on buildings at the seat of Government, and this seems to continue. Anglo-Indians may remember the building of a dancing hall at Government House, Lahore, at a time when we were being asked to contribute our last rupee to help on the war, or the alterations to the Government House at Poona when famine conditions had been declared in the surrounding areas. The tradition survives in the building of palatial offices to house the new Ministers and their officials. It is not surprising that the only effect of the Reforms from the point of view of a District Engineer is that there seems to be less money available for any schemes which he may put forward, and that owing to the more devious channels through which these schemes have to pass in order to be sanctioned, both plans and estimates have to be prepared about nine months earlier than before.

The very mild form of popular control, which the Reforms instituted, has not up to the present brought any improvements which would compensate for this loss of efficiency. Various difficulties, for which in many cases the Provincial Governors were to blame, have often resulted in the appointment of Ministers of poor calibre, who felt no responsibility to each other, or to the Legislatures. These Ministers have had no control over finances, they have merely had to spend the same money as the official who preceded them, except that the "overhead" charges have increased. Feeling that they had no real power, that their position was anomalous, and that the whole scheme was merely experimental, the Ministers have allowed their departments to drift along on the old lines. In the Bombay Presidency two measures of first-class importance, dealing with compulsory education and the evil of breaking up agricultural holdings into unworkable areas, have both been brought forward by Ministers, but neither has advanced beyond the stage of discussion and criticism.

The Reform scheme was hedged round by so many checks and safeguards that it could only have worked in an atmosphere of perfect amity and goodwill. We handed over branches of the administration to Indians without giving them either the control of the purse or proper authority over their subordinates. They found themselves being attacked from all sides, but had not the protection which comes from mutual responsibility with the other Ministers, and the backing of a Prime Minister who leads a strong party. The better Ministers resigned, and were in many cases replaced by nonentities, to whom the salary offered a great inducement. Clearly the Reforms were an impossible half-way house. If we go on and grant full provincial autonomy, with a Prime Minister who must resign on a vote of censure, and Ministers acting under him, and recognizing their mutual responsibility, then there will be some hope that the mass of village voters may learn to put some pressure, first on their member, and then on the Government. The process would be slow, for even the wealthier peasants, who have votes, are mostly illiterate, but in some areas they are prepared to walk ten

miles each way to record a vote, and one feels that if we left the educated class in the cities to fight out this business of government with the ryot in the village, our friends Chandappa and Basappa would put their heads together, and get more than they ever got from the British Raj.

G. T. GARRATT.

## LIFE AND POLITICS

ONE recent change by which the propaganda of the Liberal Party was brought under central control struck most of us as thoroughly sensible; indeed, as long overdue. It has not, however, failed to rouse the sensitive suspicions of a few Liberals who see in it one more step towards the control of the Liberal Party by Mr. Lloyd George. The critics—some of whom have resigned from the L.P.D.—begin on the assumption that anything which increases the influence of Mr. Lloyd George in the party is an evil. There is no arguing with that point of view; those who honestly hold it have no choice but to resign. It is, all the same, deplorable in the eyes of the mass of Liberals who are not hag-ridden by suspicions and antipathies. I have reason to believe that this businesslike reform did not originate with Mr. Lloyd George; nor do I believe that its object is to bind the party hand and foot to Land and Nation League propaganda. The policy of the Land and Nation League is, after all, part of the official policy of the Liberal Party, and there is no earthly reason why it should not have its due place in the popularization of Liberal policy. The arrangements now made to put an end to the wasteful overlapping of propaganda between the various party bodies engaged in it do not seem, on a candid examination, to justify the sinister conclusions of the dissentients. For one thing, the head of the controlling committee is Lord Beauchamp, who is not the man to surrender his independence to anybody, and, unless I am mistaken, the machinery set up secures unification by the proper representation of all sections of the party's workers. Plot-finding is always an exciting pursuit where gossips gather, but it can become tiresome.

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Long ago Mr. Baldwin was solemnly advised by the TIMES (not in these words, naturally) to restore the credit of his Ministry by shedding some of the "duds." His difficulty in obeying is that, as is only too apparent, some of the worst failures hold high office, and, by the convention of politics, their supersession might involve that of the Ministry they do not adorn. Mr. Baldwin has done what is possible to him in the direction of bringing in fresh talent. The reshuffling in the junior offices has given him the opportunity of finding places for one or two able and energetic young men. An older man, Sir Burton Chadwick, has gone, and it would be unkind to comment candidly upon his record. It may be said that Sir Burton Chadwick could, in pleading for Protection, make the most hardened Tariff Reformer suspect that there is something to be said for Free Trade. Sir Burton Chadwick was not what is called a Parliamentary success; as an unconscious humourist he was delightful, and he was acceptable as human relief from the priggish rectitude of his chief. His successor, Mr. H. G. Williams, is a strong advocate of Safeguarding—that is to say, he is a thorough Protectionist. He is well equipped on industrial affairs, and is a capable debater. The most interesting of these appointments is that of Mr. Duff Cooper, who now has his feet on the official ladder. Mr. Duff Cooper was always worth listening to for his independence and his trenchant expres-



sion. He began his reputation with his maiden speech, and has gone on making it. Mr. Duff Cooper is a Tory who really believes in the League of Nations.

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I admire the courage of the T.U.C. in attempting to discipline Mr. Cook for his exploit as the bull in the china shop of the Mond conversations. What the General Council can do about it is not very clear. I imagine that the threatened reprimand will rather please Mr. Cook than otherwise. His reputation with his followers thrives on reprimands. It is like reprimanding a whisky drinker by presenting him with a bottle. Mr. Cook, of course, sees an employers' plot in the "get together" movement; what to Mr. Hodges is the dawn of a new era is to him "the great offensive." Let us be fair to Mr. Cook and realize that he honestly disbelieves in peace talk in industrial war time. He is a victim of war psychology, and he talks violence because he is utterly unable to believe in the goodwill of the enemy; for as such he regards the pit employers, who have undoubtedly laid waste many colliery districts by their policy. The more far-sighted men's leaders see clearly that this attitude, though something can be said for it, is really reactionary and hopeless. As Mr. Hodges says, no one who professes to believe in peace internationally can decently preach war industrially. (I am aware that Mr. Cook is not an international pacifist; he is, of course, a devotee of the international class war.) Mr. Cook is one of the most logical and consistent of men. He is an out and out "aginner." He is not merely agin the Government, but he is agin anything that does not involve what he calls "a complete change in the social structure." Mr. Cook is agin the employers as wholeheartedly as Puritans are agin the devil, or as Kensitites are agin the Pope. I should not be surprised if in his heart of hearts he is occasionally agin himself.

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Lord Wolmer has provided a little comic relief in politics by declaring that the Post Office would be more efficient and economical if run by private enterprise. The joke, of course, lies in the fact that Lord Wolmer is Assistant Postmaster-General. The effect is rather what would be produced if Mr. Evan Williams were found asserting that the collieries would be more efficiently and economically run by the State. The obvious reply to Mr. Williams would be that he should cease to oppose nationalization. Lord Wolmer, of course, would not have the temerity seriously to advocate turning over the Post Office to a private company. No one would listen to him if he did. But it is quite in order to ask him to act upon his opinion in the only way open to him. He should cease to be partly responsible for the maladministration of the Post Office by Ministers of the Crown. He should resign, as the man largely responsible for the alleged inefficiency and the waste; and after he had put himself right with public opinion, he might then join the National Union of Manufacturers (his only supporters) in abusing Government control. Lord Wolmer is talking nonsense.

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Like other people I had felt that the double funeral of Hardy was perhaps a mistake—until I attended the beautiful service in Westminster Abbey. I have attended many great funerals there, but none so satisfying in its simplicity and beauty. It is incredible that the sensitive and beauty-loving spirit of the old poet would not have been moved by the thought of it. (There seems no reason to doubt, by the way, that Hardy was "reconciled" to the prospect of burial in the Abbey before his death, and this disposes of the sentimental plea for a country funeral

only.) No doubt remorseless logicians will have their say against giving Christian burial to a man who was certainly no Christian, and who at the most, in cheerful moments, would be inclined to give God the benefit of the doubt. We are not governed by logic in these matters. Burial in the Abbey is the highest honour the nation can offer a great man, and as it is often given to those who are merely prominent, we should be thankful that for once we are allowed to celebrate in this time-honoured way a prince of the mind.

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Conventional in form, the tribute was in fact utterly unconventional, for the multitude in the church were paying homage to no newspaper-made reputation but to an austere and lonely thinker, who brought no cheap consolations. The pall bearers were chosen from the best that England can show in the realm of imaginative literature—one of them a poet as shy and as bitter in philosophy as Hardy himself. We were for once in a way recognizing the nobility of mind and the controversies round the grave or graves mattered not at all. I felt that it was a matter for comfort rather than for cynicism that we could all—Christians, Agnostics, Atheists, and the rest—join in the consolation of the hour, listening to the music as the common speech of aspiration and to the noble words of the Scriptures as the master words in the craft that Hardy practised. Nor could one forget, as another reconciling thought, that Hardy was being remembered in the greatest of our Gothic churches—Hardy the architect trained in Gothic tradition and a lover of it to the end. One felt confident that if he could have known he would have forgotten his dreary burden of philosophic pessimism and would have lost himself for the time, as we his admirers were doing, in the beauty and glory of the place and its mood of peace.

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The late Herbert Stead was a curious contrast to his more famous brother W. T. He was as quiet as the other was boisterous, and as persistent as the other was erratic. He had a more thorough education than his brother. He began in journalism and afterwards became entirely absorbed in social work in South London. During Stead's long service at Browning Hall, the Hall became the centre of much useful pioneering. He deserves to be remembered as the man who brought the idea of old age pensions into discussion. He formed the National Committee to push on the reform. I think Mr. G. N. Barnes is now the only survivor of the group of enthusiasts whom Stead gathered round him in those days. Charles Booth had advocated non-contributory old age pensions at sixty-five; Stead and his fellows popularized the scheme, and in due course the Liberal statesmen took it up. In later years Stead threw his energies into work for international peace. Immediately the fighting stopped he was in the field with a League to abolish war—an anticipation of the League of Nations. Stead was a fine example of the entirely disinterested and faithful worker for sound causes.

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Many commentators on Hardy's philosophy have discovered a faint deviation into optimism in the famous Chorus of the Pities with which "The Dynasts" closes. The TIMES read into it the evidences of "some fugitive hope." Even this gleam has been removed by two interesting letters printed together in that newspaper the other day. Both correspondents at different times in talk with the poet expressed gratitude for this note of hope. To one Hardy remarked that it was just as well the Pities should have the last word, "since 'The Dynasts' proves nothing." His

reply to the other was still more depressing. He said he "would not have written the Chorus now." Asked why, he replied, "The Treaty of Versailles."

KAPPA.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### HOSPITALS AND THE STATE

SIR,—Your criticism in your issue of January 14th of the suggestions made by Mr. Spencer and myself in the *Times* of January 10th and 11th for the future relations of the State to voluntary hospitals, misses, I think, some of the points we wished to make.

You omit, for instance, all reference to the "King's Fund," the importance of which we stressed. We wish to retain the voluntary system of management of the hospitals in the same way, and on the same grounds, as the Universities have up to the present retained independence of management although in receipt of large grants from the Treasury and Municipal bodies. It is because we, like you, "seek only for an efficient hospital service" that we deprecate State control. We had experience of the Military Hospitals in London during the war, and we remain convinced that State control spells inelasticity, uniformity, stagnation, and many other unpleasant qualities. Professor Berry, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine in the University of Melbourne, who has made a recent survey of hospital management in many lands, sums up his impressions in the opinion that "bureaucratic control is detestable" (*Lancet*, December 24th).

May I now deal with some of your specific objections to our suggestions, and, as I write now without the help of my collaborator, the views I express must be regarded as personal.

The voluntary hospitals do not fear competition from the proposed municipal hospitals. Their apprehension rather is that when the rates have become burdened with the enormous additional cost which these schemes imply, those classes who now contribute voluntarily to the Hospitals will be unable to continue their subscriptions, and that the voluntary hospitals will consequently ultimately be starved out.

You suggest that the long waiting lists at the voluntary hospitals are an admission that the voluntary system is breaking down. We pointed out in our articles that while the waiting lists at the voluntary hospitals are swollen because of the popularity of those hospitals there are vast numbers of permanently empty beds at the Poor Law Infirmarys. The remedy for this state of affairs, which is admitted on all sides, surely would be to increase the accommodation at the Hospitals where admission is eagerly desired, rather than to spend very large sums of money in tinkering at hospitals to which patients habitually give a wide berth; and, in point of fact, all the voluntary hospitals are expanding as fast as their funds will let them do so. Three great teaching hospitals, St. Bartholomew's, King's, and Middlesex, are practically newly built. All the other teaching hospitals have expanded and are expanding continually. For example, the hospitals under the purview of King Edward's Fund added in 1924 1,600 beds to their pre-war quota, and in 1926 a further 1,200 beds. Would municipal hospitals move any faster? And what measures are going to be used in this free country to force patients to enter hospitals which they have hitherto avoided, choosing rather to wait their turn for admission at the hospitals which they prefer? I am reminded of an incident which others will remember as well as myself. In 1913 the University of London invited Professor Delbruck of Berlin to give two lectures in London upon military history. At the conclusion of the second lecture the then Vice-Chancellor invited the lecturer and some half-dozen members of the Senate, of whom I was one, to an impromptu dinner at a club. In the course of after-dinner conversation Delbruck commented with extreme bitterness upon the relative prosperity of the

British, as compared with the German, Colonies in Africa, and he ascribed the inferiority of the latter to the poorness of the territory which Germany had acquired as compared with England. The German Colonies, he said, were relatively empty of colonists. I ventured to suggest, speaking from personal experience, that the German Colonies were thus empty because Germans themselves did not always like autocratic German rule, and that I knew personally many Germans who had migrated from German South-West to British South Africa to settle there. The remark produced an explosion of wrath from Delbruck. Thumping the table with his fist, he said, "I know that; but it is for the good of the Fatherland that Germans remain in German territory, and they *shall* like it." This Prussian attitude is impossible of adoption in our country.

In your last paragraph you seem to assume that the State-controlled hospital with its paid whole-time teachers will continue to attract students in the same way as the great medical schools now do with their age-long traditions and their independent teachers and management. That is a large assumption, improbable of achievement. Prestige is a matter of tradition and growth; it cannot be bought—it cannot even be commandeered by departmental fiat. It so happens that a small experiment has been made at certain hospitals with whole-time paid teachers in medicine and surgery. After only a few years' probation on a very restricted scale much searching of heart is already visible as to the value of the innovation, and in the near future the whole question is to be reviewed by the University of London to which is entrusted the appointment of these teachers. A school consisting entirely of whole-time teachers would be difficult of acceptance by the medical profession, and especially by practising physicians and surgeons. It would most certainly not attract to its staff the best and most ambitious of these teachers, and students would inevitably follow the best teachers wherever they might be found.

Finally, while it may be true to say, as you do, that Sir Almroth Wright's work at Netley was "not the least fruitful part" of his career, Sir Almroth himself would be the first to acknowledge that he came into his kingdom only when he was able to found his great following of enthusiastic and able disciples and helpers, which his position as a member of the staff of a teaching hospital gave him.—Yours, &c.,

E. GRAHAM LITTLE.

January 16th, 1928.

[We never for a moment supposed that the Poor Law Infirmarys could be made as attractive to the medical profession or to patients as the Teaching Hospitals. The question we raised was whether the latter, which are in fact great public institutions, should remain under private control and dependent on private charity for their maintenance? The respective merits of part-time and whole-time teachers are not relevant to this issue. There is no reason whatever why the present teaching system should not be retained. It is indeed easy to exaggerate the difference which public control would involve. No change need be made in the method of conducting the hospitals; they might be controlled, under the supervision of the Ministry of Health, by Committees like those envisaged by Dr. Graham Little and Mr. Spencer in their *Times* articles. The main point is that they would be properly financed.—ED., NATION.]

## "IS SOUTH AFRICA A WHITE MAN'S LAND?"

SIR,—It would be a little unfair to the South Africa of to-day to permit the account which your contributor, Mr. A. M. Chirgwin, gives of its present economic condition to pass unchallenged. (Like him, I prefer to attempt no prognostication of the future.)

It is not true to say that, "The field of unskilled work has passed completely out of the white hands, and the field of semi-skilled toil is passing."

More than twenty years ago the able Report of the Transvaal Indigency Commission put a sure finger on the



danger spot when it warned South Africa of the fate that would follow if the line between skilled and unskilled labour should come to coincide with the colour line. More recently both the Majority and Minority Reports of the Economic and Wage Commission (1925) emphasized the same thing. South African opinion has become very much alive to the danger in recent years, and the policy of Government is increasingly influenced by the desire to avert it. There may be legitimate differences of opinion as to the soundness or effectiveness of the actual measures taken, but there can be no doubt of their purpose. Indeed, one of the chief complaints of the natives against the present Government is that so many natives have been removed from Government employment in skilled and semi-skilled work to make room for white men. Experiments are being carried out in many directions. There are working gangs of white men on roads and railway construction, a definite policy has been adopted of taking on white labourers for general railway work, and municipalities have been urged to adopt the same policy.

As for semi-skilled work the growth of factory industry in the towns has had the effect of attracting large numbers of poor whites from the country districts. Many of them, especially the younger ones, prove quite satisfactory workers. The Ministry of Labour is also working out extensive schemes for the training of white workers on the land as tenant-farmers, and is meeting with some success.

Criticism of Government policy turns on the cost of it. White labour of this class is often not very good labour, but it expects to be paid a "white" wage. So in the field where white and black do come into keen competition the whites have their weakest line against a relatively strong line of the blacks. The crux of the economic problem that arises lies not in the growing capacity of the blacks, but in the difference of standards of living.

Your correspondent seems to endorse a calamitous fallacy that may yet do incalculable harm in South Africa when he says that it is the native's "increasing capacity rather than his increasing numbers that constitutes a menace." Behind such a statement there lurks the hoary fallacy of the Work Fund—if the native does more there is less for the white man to do. Yet Africa, from Cape Town to Uganda, is under-populated and under-developed, and it is difficult to see how an increase in the productive power of any section of the population can be a "menace" to the rest. There are, on the contrary, many good observers who see in the increased purchasing power of a native population trained to a higher standard both of life and production the potential market for the employment of a largely increased European population.

But I have already encroached too much upon your space. I have felt compelled to write, for the sight of a periodical like THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM even appearing to give currency to the idea that increased capacity of native labour is a "menace" to the white man in Africa was too much for me. Really, what is to become of Africa if such an idea takes firm root in the minds of those who control its destinies?

I should add that I write purely on my own responsibility.—Yours, &c.,

F. CLARKE

(University of Cape Town; Member of the Advisory Council to the Ministry of Labour).

### THE SHOP HOURS QUESTION

SIR,—As a tobacconist I should like to thank you most sincerely for your just and sensible comments on the Shop Hours question, and particularly your remarks on the spurious outcry against "Dora."

Retailers do not want longer hours; the vast majority consider the present ones (twelve to fourteen per day) quite long enough, and that the inconvenience to the public is nothing to that endured by vast numbers of "solo" shop proprietors (to say nothing of their assistants). And in these times of fierce competition is it not natural for them to oppose any extension of selling rights to others whose business is not properly the sale of tobacco at all?

If, however, an extension is granted to theatres and public-houses, I hope nevertheless that no further time-limit

will be given to shops, no matter on what ground it is urged, as such has a fatal tendency to become the rule. The 9.30 extension to confectioners is almost universal now—it has robbed many an assistant of a little well-earned leisure, has wasted a lot of light and heat, and, as far as national wealth is concerned, has produced—nothing!—Yours, &c.,

P. SCAMMELL.

194, Camberwell Grove, S.E.5.

January 11th, 1928.

### "BOOKS FOR BOYS"

SIR,—It is delightful to hear so genuine a writer of boys' books as Mr. Gunby Hadath on his own subject, and it is excellent that the lamentations of such ancients as ourselves should be answered by expressions of faith in the new generation like his. At the same time, I cannot be sure that he or any adult is any more able than myself to avoid the dilemma which he diagnoses in me: to escape the error of reading new "juveniles" with a mature mind, and comparing their effect with that made on us in youth by earlier books. I am not able to defeat the old mystery with the scythe. But, being what I have become, I can only repeat my sense that the older writers for boys offered more substantial and select fare to their public. They were not afraid of being thought "stodgy" because they thought not of filling up idle hours so much as improving sense and sensibility. The volumes on which I recently wrote mostly (not all) had the air of being superior "bloods" and quick-fire comicality, and I judged them as typical.—Yours, &c.,

THE REVIEWER.

P.S.—I never was sure of Henty myself.

### A REJECTED ADVERTISEMENT

SIR,—Being recently in want of a matron for our school at Beacon Hill, we sent an advertisement to the TIMES for a

"Matron for small Nursery Boarding School, run on free, modern lines; no religion taught; sympathy with school's attitude essential; also good technical training."

This advertisement the TIMES refused to print: apparently in its opinion free-thinkers alone among human beings should be deprived of the right to impart their theological opinions to their own children.—Yours, &c.,

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

Beacon Hill School,  
Harting, Petersfield.  
January 16th, 1928.

### THE WAR GUILT QUESTION

SIR,—I am surprised Mr. Robert Dell returned to the French colonial policy as having bearing on the war-guilt question. I thought I had fully admitted the importance of colonization, but however important, it was not before the mind of the "man in the street," of all nations, when he answered the call to arms. If it had been, I venture to think that opposition would not have been restricted to a few conscientious objectors.

The possession of colonies was never a vital ambition of the German people. The Socialists were opposed to it, and what colonies the rulers had acquired were maintained on sufferance. The German is fond of travelling, and when he emigrates, near or far, he drops his nationality and gives his whole mind to being absorbed by the country of his choice. This characteristic has occasionally been remarked upon in Germany, but the need of territories for surplus population was in consequence never seriously brought forward. A war, even with France, on a colonial question would have been unpopular in Germany and may have been expected to meet with considerable opposition.

I share Mr. Dell's respect for the purposeful policy of Herr Stresemann and admire M. Briand for his uphill fight, but I certainly cannot share his view that an inquiry will assist these statesmen in their respective countries. Mr. Dell further asked what excuses there can be for the policy of M. Poincaré. I will give a hint to short memories. The English officers and officials, in spite of their wish to be fair to a defeated enemy, had to complain of evasions on the part of

Germany in regard to disarmament and other obligations. The French were at once provoked to deplorable measures.

Does not Mr. Dell realize that the conflict on the Continent is between German and French culture, and that Anglo-Saxon culture has been drawn in to save us from disaster? It is now beginning to be realized that the world needs the good in the three cultures. Let Germany drop this humbug about an inquiry, which would not be accepted by any nation concerned without protest. At the League of Nations the interest of every country can be considered in its due proportions and—in a new light.—Yours, &c.,

AN OUTSIDER.

## FOUR ENGLISH HISTORIANS

### III.—MACAULAY\*

By LYTTON STRACHEY.

IN Apollo's house there are many mansions; there is even one (unexpectedly enough) for the Philistine. So complex and various are the elements of literature, that no writer can be damned on a mere enumeration of faults. He may always possess merits which make up for everything; if he loses on the swings, he may win on the roundabouts. Macaulay—whatever the refined and the sublime may say to the contrary—is an example of this. A coarse texture of mind—a metallic style—an itch for the obvious and the emphatic—a middle-class, Victorian complacency—it is all too true; Philistine is in fact the only word to fit the case; and yet, by dint of sheer power of writing, the Philistine has reached Parnassus. It is a curious occurrence, and deserves a closer examination.

What are the qualities that make a historian? Obviously these three—a capacity for absorbing facts, a capacity for stating them, and a point of view. The two latter are connected, but not necessarily inseparable. The late Professor Samuel Gardiner, for instance, could absorb facts, and he could state them; but he had no point of view; and the result is that his book on the most exciting period of English history resembles nothing so much as a very large heap of sawdust. But a point of view, it must be remembered, by no means implies sympathy. One might almost say that it implies the reverse. At any rate, it is curious to observe how many instances there are of great historians who have been at daggers drawn with their subjects. Gibbon, a highly civilized scoffer, spent twenty years of his life writing about barbarism and superstition. Michelet was a romantic and a republican; but his work on mediæval France and the Revolution is far inferior to his magnificent delineation of the classic and despotic centuries. Macaulay's great-nephew, Professor Trevelyan, has, it is true, written a delightful account of the Italian Risorgimento, of which he is an enthusiastic devotee. But, even here, the rule seems to apply; one cannot but feel that Professor Trevelyan's epic would have been still more delightful if it had contained a little of the salt of criticism—if, in fact, he had not swallowed Garibaldi whole.

As for Macaulay's point of view, everyone knows it was the Whig one. In reality, this is simplifying too much; but, however we may describe it, there can be no doubt that Macaulay's vision was singularly alien to the England of the latter years of the seventeenth century. Like Gibbon, like Michelet, like the later Carlyle, he did not—to put it succinctly—understand what he was talking about. Charles II., James II.—that whole strange age in which religion, debauchery, intellect, faction, wit, and brutality seethed and bubbled together in such an extraordinary *olla podrida*—escaped him. He could see parts of it; but

he could not see into the depths; and so much the better; he had his point of view. The definiteness, the fixity, of his position is what is remarkable. He seems to have been created *en bloc*. His manner never changed; as soon as he could write at all—at the age of eight—he wrote in the style of his History. The three main factors in his mental growth—the Clapham sect, Cambridge, Holland House—were not so much influences as suitable environments for the development of a predetermined personality. Whatever had happened to him, he would always have been a middle-class intellectual with Whig views. It is possible, however, that he may actually have gained something from Holland House. The modern habit of gently laughing at Whigs and Whiggery is based on a misconception. A certain *a priori* stuffiness which seems to hang about that atmosphere is in reality a Victorian innovation. The true pre-Reform-Bill Whig was a tremendous aristocrat—the heir to a great tradition of intellectual independence and spiritual pride. When the Hollands' son travelled as a youth in Italy he calmly noted in his diary that someone he had met had a face “almost as stupid as the Duke of Wellington's”; the young Fox was a chip of the old block. Such surroundings must have been good for Macaulay. It was not only that they supported his self-confidence—he had enough of that already—but that they brought him into touch with the severity, the grandeur, and the amenity of an old civilization. Without them, he might have been provincial or academic; but he was not so; on every page of his work one sees the manifest signs of the culture and the traffic of the great world.

Thus Macaulay's Whiggism was a composite affair—it was partly eighteenth century and partly Victorian. But the completeness with which it dominated him gave him his certainty of attitude and his clarity of vision. It enabled him to stand up against the confusion and frenzy of the seventeenth century, and say, very loudly and very distinctly, what he thought of it. So far so good. The misfortune is that what he thought was not of a finer quality. The point of view is distinct enough, but it is without distinction; and Macaulay in consequence remains an excellent but not a supreme historian. His Whiggism was in itself a very serious drawback—not because it was a cause of bias, but because it was a symptom of crudity. The bias was of the wrong kind; it was the outcome of party politics, and the sad truth is that, in the long run, party politics become a bore. They did not, indeed, succeed in making Macaulay a bore; that was impossible; but, though he is never dull, one constantly feels that he might have been much more interesting. Too often he misses the really exciting, the really fascinating, point. And how can one fail to miss a great deal, if one persists in considering the world from one side or other of the House of Commons?

A certain crudity, a certain coarseness of fibre—the marks of a party politician—are particularly obvious in those character sketches of great persons which form so important a part of Macaulay's History. Within their limits they are admirably done; but their limits are too narrow. They lack colour; they are steel engravings—unsatisfactory compromises between a portrait in oils and a realistic snapshot. One has only to compare them with Clarendon's splendid presentments to realize their inadequacy. With what a gorgeous sinuosity, with what a grandiose delicacy, the older Master elaborates, through his enormous sentences, the lineaments of a soul! Beside them, the skimpy lines and cheap contrasts of Macaulay's black and white are all too obvious.

But the Whig politician was not only crude; he was also, to a strange degree, ingenuous and complacent. A preposterous optimism fills his pages. The Revolution of 1688 having succeeded, all was well; Utopia was bound to

\* The first and second articles of this series—on Hume and Gibbon—appeared in our issues of January 7th and 14th, and the last—on Carlyle—will appear next week.



follow; and it actually had followed—in the reign of Victoria. Thus he contrasts with delight, almost with awe, the state of Torbay at the time of William's landing and its condition in 1850. In 1688 "the huts of ploughmen and fishermen were thinly scattered over what is now the site of crowded marts and of luxurious pavilions." A description of the modern Torquay becomes irresistible. "The inhabitants are about ten thousand in number. The newly built churches and chapels, the baths and libraries, the hotels and public gardens, the infirmary and the museum, the white streets, rising terrace above terrace, the gay villas peeping from the midst of shrubberies and flower beds, present a spectacle widely different from any that in the seventeenth century England could show." They do indeed.

The style is the mirror of the mind, and Macaulay's style is that of a debater. The hard points are driven home like nails with unflinching dexterity; it is useless to hope for subtlety or refinement; one cannot hammer with delicacy. The repetitions, the antitheses, produce an effect of mechanism; and indeed the total result is a kind of fatal efficiency which suggests the operations of a machine more than anything else—a comparison, which, no doubt, would have delighted Macaulay. The descriptive passages are the most deplorable. In a set-piece, such as the account of Westminster Hall at the impeachment of Hastings, all the horrors of a remorseless rhetoric are made manifest. From the time of Cicero downwards, the great disadvantage of oratory has been that it never lets one off. One must hear everything, however well one knows it, and however obvious it is. For such writers a dose of Stendhal is to be recommended. Macaulay, however, would not have benefited by the prescription, for he was a hopeless case. The tonic pages of the "Chartreuse de Parme" would have had no effect on him whatever. When he wished to state that Schomberg was buried in Westminster Abbey, he *had* to say that "the illustrious warrior" was laid in "that venerable abbey, hallowed by the dust of many generations of princes, heroes, and poets." There is no escaping it; and the incidental drawback that Schomberg was not buried at Westminster at all, but in Dublin, is, in comparison with the platitude of the style, of very small importance.

The curiously metallic quality in Macaulay's writing—its hardness of outline, its slightly hollow ring—is so characteristic that it is difficult not to see in it the indication of some profound psychological state. The stout square man with the prodigious memory and the inexhaustible capacity for conversation, was apparently a normal human being—except in one direction: he never married, and there seems no reason to suppose that he was ever in love. An entertaining essay might perhaps be written on the sexlessness of historians; but it would be entertaining and nothing more: we do not know enough either about the historians or sex. Yet, in Macaulay's case, one cannot resist the conclusion that the absence from his make-up of intense physical emotion brought a barrenness upon his style. His sentences have no warmth and no curves; the embracing fluidity of love is lacking. And it is noticeable how far more effective he is in his treatment of those whom he dislikes than of those whom he admires. His Marlborough is a fine villain. His James II. is a caricature, with a queer vitality of its own—the vitality of a marionette. But his William of Orange is a failure—a lifeless image of waxwork perfection. Macaulay's inability to make his hero live—his refusal to make any attempt to illuminate the mysteries of that most obscure and singular character—epitomizes all that is weakest in his work.

Probably the futility of his æsthetic judgments was another effect of the same cause. Whenever he writes of pure poetry—in the essay on Byron, for instance—he is

plainly at sea; his lack of sensibility becomes painfully obvious. A true child of his age, he had a profound distrust, amounting at times to an actual hatred, of art. That Queen Mary should have ruined her father, turned him out of his kingdom, and seized his throne for herself—all that was no blemish at all on her character: was she not acting upon strictly Whig principles? But one fault she did have. She was responsible for "a frivolous and inelegant fashion." She was the first person in England to form "a vast collection of hideous images, and of vases on which houses, trees, bridges, and mandarins were depicted in outrageous defiance of all the laws of perspective." Queen Mary, in fact, liked china; and that could not be forgiven her.

The weaknesses are obvious; and the strength, suitably enough, is obvious too. History is primarily a narrative, and in power of narration no one has ever surpassed Macaulay. In that, he is a genius. When it comes to telling a story, his faults disappear or change into virtues. Narrowness becomes clarity, and crudity turns into force. The rhetoric of the style, from being the ornament of platitude becomes the servant of excitement. Every word is valuable: there is no hesitation, no confusion, and no waste. It is clear from his journal that Macaulay realized the dominating importance of this side of his work. He laboured at his purely narrative passages for weeks at a time, with the result that they are masterpieces. Nobody who has once read them can ever forget his account of the trial of the Bishops, the siege of Derry, and the battle of Killiecrankie. To write so is to write magnificently, and if one has to be a Philistine to bring off those particular effects, one can only say, so much the better for the Philistine. But it is not only in certain passages that Macaulay triumphs. His whole History is conditioned by a supreme sense of the narrative form. It presses on, with masterly precipitation, from start to finish. Everything falls into place. Unsatisfying characters, superficial descriptions, jejune reflections, are seen to be no longer of importance in themselves—they are merely stages in the development of the narrative. They are part of the pattern—the enthralling, ever-shifting pattern of the perfect kaleidoscope. A work of art? Yes, there is no denying it: the Philistine was also an artist. And there he is—squat, square, and perpetually talking—on Parnassus.

## THOMAS HARDY

WHETHER Thomas Hardy was the last of the Victorians, or whether he was in the true sense of the word a Victorian at all, seems to be a matter of dispute. But it is certainly true that he was the last of a dynasty, of one of the great Royal Houses of English literature. Meredith, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Scott, right back to Fielding, naming them, one feels at once that they belong to the same blood royal, the same race, the same tradition. Only over the name of Meredith in that list does one hesitate as not pure blooded, as a cross between two powerful stocks, a half-caste who to-day is neither recognized nor appreciated by his own direct descendants. But there can be no dispute that Hardy belonged to the blood royal, and that he was the last of his line. His novels are in the full English tradition, solid works built about a story, in which, on the face of it, character, humour, description of scenery, criticism of life, philosophy, all have their place, but to which they are accessory. None of the leading writers of the generation or generations which followed Hardy—and now survive him—whatever their merits or their defects, write novels in this pure tradition; they have other axes

to grind in social problems or the subtleties of psychology or the sophistications of literary form and expression. And since each generation gets the literature which it understands, appreciates, and deserves, the traditional English novel is out of fashion; its real merits are not properly appreciated; it seems to the present generation clumsy and monumentally primitive.

This is the reason why many people during the last ten years have said, and are repeating to-day, that Hardy was greater as a poet than he was as a novelist, and that his fame will ultimately rest on the poems and "The Dynasts." I have the greatest admiration for the poetry, and I feel sure that Hardy will, as a poet, occupy a high place, but I feel equally sure that the tendency is at the present time to undervalue his novels. "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "The Woodlanders," "The Return of the Native," and "Jude the Obscure"—these are novels which may be dismissed if one insists that every novelist ought to do what Henry James or Marcel Proust or Mr. Wells or Flaubert or Mr. Lawrence does; but if, instead of concentrating one's mind on what Hardy does not do, one attends for a moment or two to what he does do, one is in a happier state of mind for appreciating his work and a more appropriate state of mind for literary criticism.

Perhaps Hardy's own description of Egdon Heath might be quoted as a description of some of the most characteristic qualities of his novels:—

"... majestic without severity, impressive without showiness, emphatic in its admonitions, grand in its simplicity. The qualifications which frequently invest the façade of a prison with far more dignity than is found in the façade of a palace double its size lent to this heath a sublimity in which spots renowned for beauty of the accepted kind are utterly wanting. . . . Men have oftener suffered from the mockery of a place too smiling for their reason than from the oppression of surroundings oversadly tinged. Haggard Egdon appealed to a subtler and scarcer instinct, to a more recently learnt emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming and fair."

Hardy will never appeal to the reader who demands from every writer the sort of verbal beauty called charming and fair. He does not "write well." That is the burden of the criticism of Mr. George Moore and many others in whose judgment he is not an "artist" at all. The criticism is correct, just as it is also correct to say that his characters are often thin and wooden, his scenes stilted and absurd, his plot hammered into a particular form and forced into a particular direction. Yet the books, if the mind is allowed to absorb them intelligently, are majestic without severity, grand in their simplicity, even sublime in a subtler and scarcer sense than that in which the word is used by Mr. Moore or Longinus. The effect in these books comes not from the parts, but only from the whole. It is cumulative. Only when the novel is finished and is looked back to as a whole is it possible to feel and understand it. Then the plot, characters, and language combine to produce the façade, it may be, of a prison, but a façade which is also that of a great novel and a great work of art.

Hardy is typically an English writer both in this habit of working in the large and in other ways. The conversations of his country people are, as many have observed, "Shakespearian." Their humour, the turn of their sentences, the "tragic irony" of what they say are strokes of genius. They seem to be written by a man of incredible simplicity and brilliant genius. It is this combination of genius and simplicity which makes so many English writers a puzzle to foreigners, but nowhere is it more startling than in Hardy. It is the very stuff out of which his poetry seems to have been written, and it dominates his novels. It gives one the feeling sometimes that these works were

written unconsciously, and such a feeling naturally leaves the irritated critic gasping.

This impression of simplicity and of something which is almost the opposite of simplicity was the strongest impression which I got from Hardy personally. At first sight, and when he began to talk to you, you might have thought that he was merely one of many men born in English villages. But he is one of the few people who have left upon me the personal impression of greatness. I saw him last spring in the house which he had built for himself at Dorchester, and which, with its sombre growth of trees, seemed to have been created by him as if it were one of his poems translated into brick, furniture, and vegetation. He talked about his poems, and London as he had known it in his youth, and about his dog "Wessex," all with great charm and extraordinary simplicity. He was a human being, not "the great man." And then he told a story which left me with that curious feeling which I so often get from his writing, of the mixture of simplicity and complexity, of doubt as to the degree of consciousness which he had of the implication of what he was saying. He was telling me how he had been up to London during the war and one evening there was an air raid. He had been dining with (I think) Sir James Barrie, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Galsworthy. "A bomb might have fallen on the room," he said. "Just think! Well, all the chief English writers were there—there wouldn't have been much left of English literature. Just think of it!" It was said with extraordinary simplicity, without the slightest implication that he was himself to be included among the chief English writers in that room, indeed somehow with the implication that he was not to be included. And yet, unless I was entirely mistaken, there was at the same time a tiny, charming twinkle in his eye.

LEONARD WOOLF.

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

"THE Adding Machine," by Elmer Rice, which is being produced at the Court Theatre by the Birmingham Repertory Company is, though well worth a visit, an exasperating play, lacking as it does all unity of tone, and even of dramatic technique. The first three scenes, dealing with the life of Mr. Zero on earth, do keep up one tone. As an experiment in the Expressionist manner this is amusing, exciting, and effective. The next two acts, one in a graveyard, and one at the entrance to the Elysian Fields, are in a perfectly different manner, and even appear to have nothing to do with what went before. The last act, which is more relevant in general tone and treatment, degenerates into a long lecture, in which the whole morals of the play are turned inside out, and the doctrine of free will is subtly introduced to destroy the philosophy on which the opening is based. Yet "The Adding Machine" is worth seeing, as Mr. Elmer Rice has a strong theatrical sense and is very up-to-date in his intellectual furniture. A lot of the dialogue "comes off," being at suitable occasions both tragic and witty. There are good moments, though no plan. The Expressionist *décor* has been much commended. But here I strongly dissent. "The Adding Machine" is certainly not a realistic play, but Mr. Zero is a symbol of everything absolutely "typical" in the world. Why then plant him down in a house that looked as if it had been built by Corbusier for Dr. Caligari and make him eat off platters which recall the firm of Bell & Grant? The symbolism of dinginess can hardly be procured with factors so remote from the awareness of the protagonists.

Mr. Donald Buckley, whose first play "A Night in June" has been produced at the Everyman, has not yet mastered that elementary and elemental principle of play-



making, the relative importance of character and situation. "Here," I can hear him saying, "is a charming young girl who is in love with one man and is going to bear the child of another. That ought to be enough for one play—it's the theme of a lot of plays I've seen, but Mr. Arnold Bennett says there are—I forget how few possible themes to choose from, and he ought to know—so I needn't bother you with the natures of these three people. All you will want to think about is what has happened to them, and what they and their parents are going to do about it, and if you'll have a little patience I'll tell you." The result is that we have very little patience indeed, and do not care two straws whether Helen marries Keith or Derek, albeit that Helen is acted with considerable charm and with as much intelligence as the part permits by Miss Kathleen O'Regan, whose performances in the O'Casey plays will long be remembered by all good playgoers. Although a production anywhere (and particularly at the Everyman under its present management, who have in six months set themselves a high standard to live up to) is of enormous value to any playwright, I doubt whether Mr. Buckley will learn much from this one. He has some knowledge of stage technique, but before again using that valuable but secondary qualification he would do well to shelve it and address himself to a more proper study of mankind than the theatre.

A large part of the Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy is taken up with the pictures bequeathed to the nation by the late Lord Iveagh. The collection reflects strongly an individual taste, consisting as it does almost entirely of pictures of the Dutch school and the eighteenth-century English school, and most of them are good examples of these schools. There are a large number of portraits by Romney, Reynolds (including a self-portrait), Lawrence, Hoppner, Raeburn, and Gainsborough; those by Gainsborough are a little disappointing when compared with his best work in this line, but his "Going to Market" is an exquisite example of his work in landscape. This picture, the extremely impressive self-portrait by Rembrandt and his fine "Portrait of a Woman," and the lovely "Lute-Player" of Vermeer of Delft, are perhaps the treasures of the collection. "View on the River Maas" is a very fine example of Cuyp: Crome is represented by "A Yarmouth Water Frolic," beautiful in colour but rather dull in composition. Of French painters only Pater and Boucher are included, and the only Italian pictures are two by Guardi, both views of the Grand Canal and one of them particularly good. Besides the Iveagh Collection, there is an exhibition of works by late members of the Royal Academy—Sir Luke Fildes, Mark Fisher, Ambrose McEvoy, J. W. North, F. Cayley Robinson, Sir J. J. Shannon, and Solomon J. Solomon.

The exhibition at present being held at the Leicester Galleries consists of Drawings, Etchings, and Lithographs by Matisse, and Painting in tempera by Mr. John Armstrong. M. Matisse shows himself the master of an exquisite line in his etchings, which are of a lovely fragile delicacy. His line drawings also show an extraordinary sureness of touch and power of suggesting solid form and are, in the main, much more interesting than the less subtle drawings in which details of form and of light and shade are fully indicated. In these he seems almost to be trying to indicate colour by gradations of texture, and one feels that the design is largely dependent on colour, as it is in his oil paintings, where he uses colour with such perfect and entrancing success as an essential part of the design. Mr. John Armstrong has a gift for decorative painting and a considerable feeling for striking design: he uses tempera with great skill and cleanness, though his colour is often unattractive. Most of his subjects are figures from mythology, the circus, and the stage, and in their treatment he adopts many conventions and tricks which have been seen before among the cubists and the surrealists. He is clever

rather than genuinely original, but his painting has vitality and force.

Although, owing to the delicacy of British censorship, the name of Casanova is never mentioned throughout the film, it is the story of his life upon which "The Prince of Adventurers" (at the Rialto Theatre) is founded. M. Ivan Mosjoukine takes the part of the hero, "Roberto Ferrara" as he is called; he is a highly accomplished actor, but his every movement and expression is so very facile and calculated that he tends to become mechanical. The spectators also have to be told what a remarkably successful lady-killer he is—a fact which they might otherwise doubt, for he is lacking in charm either of looks or personality. The film is of French origin, but the adventures of this "prince of adventurers" are certainly innocuous enough; we have seen worse from America. It is in its "spectacular" aspect that the film seeks to impress, and here it is much more successful. The scenes in Venice (both exterior and interior) and in the royal palace of St. Petersburg are both sumptuous and effective, and the photography is excellent: especially good are the pictures of a Venetian carnival, and the dresses throughout are magnificent and extremely well designed for photography, and the actors wear them convincingly.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, January 21st.—

Claude Pollard, Piano Recital, Wigmore Hall, 5.30.

Sunday, January 22nd.—

Professor G. Salvemini on "Fascism: Its Meaning and Achievements," South Place, 11.

Kubelik, at the Royal Albert Hall, 8.

Stage Society in "The Unquiet Spirit."

The Dramatic Players in "Mary Stuart," Rudolf Steiner Hall.

"Jordan," by Miss Mary Kennedy, at the Strand (Venturers' Society).

Monday, January 23rd.—

"Two White Arms," by Dr. Dearden, at the Ambassadors.

"The Eldest Son," by John Galsworthy, at the Everyman.

Mr. J. Hutchinson on "Painters and Etchers of the Restoration Period," Town Hall, Gloucester Place, W.1, 8.

Film—"Sunrise," at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

Harold Craxton, Pianoforte Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

London Contemporary Music Centre Concert, Court House, Marylebone Lane, 8.15.

Tuesday, January 24th.—

"The Second Man," by S. N. Behrman, at the Playhouse.

Gerald Cooper, Chamber Concert, Æolian Hall, 8.

National Education Association, Annual Meeting, Address by Dr. A. E. W. Hazel, Central Hall, Westminster, 4.

Wednesday, January 25th.—

"The Hairy Ape," by Eugene O'Neill, at the Gate Theatre.

"The Masque of Venice," by G. D. Gribble, at the Savoy.

Thursday, January 26th.—

"Lord Babs," by Keble Howard, at the Vaudeville.

Brabazon-Lowther, Song Recital, Wigmore Hall, 9.

Mr. John Drinkwater, Readings from his Poetry, Essex Hall, 6.30.

Royal Philharmonic Society's Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.

Friday, January 27th.—

Marie Korchinska, Harp Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

Hewitt String Quartet, Æolian Hall, 8.30.

OMICRON.

## THOMAS HARDY

OUR faltering posthumous tributes can only lie. . . .  
Our words, remembering his, are somehow shy. . . .  
Being already immortal—strange he should die!

A. S. J. TESSIMOND.

## THEATRES.

**ALDWYCH.** (Gerrard 2304-5.)  
Nightly at 8.15. Matinees, Wed. and Fri., at 2.30.  
"THARK."

Mary Brough, A. Bromley Davenport, and RALPH LYNN.

**AMBASSADORS.** (Ger. 4460.) EVENINGS, 8.30. Tues. & Fri., 2.30.  
"MARCH HARES."  
ATHENE SEYLER, LESLIE BANKS, and HILDA TREVELYAN.

**COURT THEATRE.** (Sloane 5137.) EVENINGS, at 8.30.  
BARRY JACKSON'S SEASON.  
"THE ADDING MACHINE." By Elmer Rice.  
MATINEES, THURSDAY & SATURDAY, at 2.30.

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The nature of this vast periodical work has been more commonly critical than creative, and what it has done in the direct production of literary achievements is not so remarkable as its sterling influence through the medium of inflexible canons of criticism. At some periods, its volumes lack entertainment, in their intense magisterial application, and the green branches of poetic or miscellanist diversion are sought in vain. It was perhaps in the first decade or so of the ATHENÆUM's existence that its columns enriched the treasury of original writing most, and indeed one could scarcely demand a more liberal contribution from a weekly journal to permanent literature than it then made. Charles Lamb, having ceased to share the spirit of other journals, found in it a congenial arena. It was here that he brought out that stately and splendid essay "On the Total Defect of the Quality of Imagination observable in the Works of Modern British Artists," and instalments of cheerful "Table-Talk by the late Elia," including that erudite speculation: "It is a desideratum in works that treat *de re culinaria*, that we have no rationale of sauces, or theory of mixed flavours; as to show why cabbage is reprehensible with roast beef, laudable with bacon; why the haunch of

mutton seeks the alliance of currant jelly, the shoulder civilly declineth it; why loin of veal (a pretty problem), being itself unctuous, seeketh the adventitious lubricity of melted butter; and why the same part in pork, not more oleaginous, abhorreth from it; why the French bean sympathizes with the flesh of deer; why salt fish points to parsnip, brawn makes a dead set at mustard; why cats prefer valerian to hearts-ease, old ladies *vice versa*—though this is rather travelling out of the road of the dietetics, and may be thought a question more curious than relevant; why salmon (a strong sapor *per se*) fortifieth its condition with the mighty lobster sauce, whose embraces are fatal to the delicater relish of the turbot. . . ." Here too Lamb published a number of his small poems, ever fragrant with the clear spirit of that faultless sympathy; among them was that melodious reversion to the bright imagination of Greece, the "Self-Enchanted":—

"I had sense in dreams of a beauty rare,  
Whom Fate had spell-bound, and rooted there,  
Stooping, like some enchanted theme,  
Over the marge of that crystal stream,  
Where the blooming Greek, to Echo blind,  
With Self-love fond, had to waters pined.  
Ages had waked, and ages slept,  
And that bending posture still she kept:  
For her eyes she may not turn away,  
'Till a fairer object shall pass that way—  
'Till an image more beauteous this world can show  
Than her own which she sees in the mirror below.  
Pore on, fair Creature! for ever pore,  
Nor dream to be disenchanted more;  
For vain is expectance, and wish in vain,  
'Till a new Narcissus can come again."

Lamb signed himself in his notes on ATHENÆUM business, "Your Laureat," and he ought to have lived longer to play the part. We hear him still, merrily repeating the artful simplicity, "Consult Dilke!"

The prose and verse of Thomas Hood added to the gay gusto of the early ATHENÆUM (then chiefly personal, later on sublimely impersonal). His reviews were written with the same phenomenal play on words as his comic poems, and often with the strong championship of the under-dog which his profound punning served. It was never dull weather when Hood was tackling a new publication, whether that were a novel by Dickens or some tawdry piece of cant which aroused him. We envy him his glorious liveliness, and might feel satisfied at length if our notice of "The Maid-Servant's Friend"—a solemn didactic manual—could open like this: "The housekeeper who peruses the above title, and then reads the work itself, will meet with an agreeable surprise. Every master and mistress in the United Kingdom knows what a maid-servant's friend is—sometimes he is a brother, sometimes a cousin (often a cousin), and sometimes a father, who really wears well and carries his age amazingly. He comes down the area—in at a window—or through a door left ajar. Sometimes a maid-servant, like a hare, has many friends—the master of the house, after washing his hands in the back kitchen, feels behind the door for a jack-towel, and lays hold of a friend's nose—friends are shy; sometimes the footman breaks a friend's shins while plunging into the coal-cellar for a shovel of nubbly. We speak feelingly—our own abode having been once turned into a Friends' Meeting-house—a fact we



became aware of through a smoky chimney—but a chimney will smoke when there is a journeyman baker up it." The vivacities which Hood threw off and left scattered in newspapers would make a choice volume. We take another example from our pages: he sends Dilke a letter received from a French publisher in French English, with his reply:—

"Gentilhommes,—Comme je ne vis pas dans la cité mais dans la contrée, six milles depuis Londres, je n'ai pas une mode de vous envoyer le Comique Annuel, mais je vous envoy un ordre sur mon publisheur, que je vous prie accepte. Son nom est Monsieur Alfred Tête Bailly, vivant à 83, Montagne à Blé, près le Changement Royale. Allez gauchement dans la rue.

"Je serai bien heureux me trouver dans les Deux Mondes; mais permettez moi de vous mettre droit sur un point. Mon livre peut etre '*amusant*' comme vous etes si bon à dire, mais il n'a pas attempté etre '*spirituel*.' Je ne suis pas un clergé-homme qui écrit les serments. Dieu vous blesse. Je suis,

Gentilhommes,  
Votre très humble domestique,  
THOMAS HOOD."

Beloved for his wit and charm by Keats and his circle, Hood's brother-in-law J. H. Reynolds also kept cheerfulness and courage thriving in the early ATHENÆUM. Reynolds reviewed with such conviction and dash that once at least he was challenged to personal combat by the exposed scribbler. There are numerous expressions of his pastoral fancy, that had accompanied the greater idyll of Keats, particularly one tribute to the beauties of Constable; there are serious poems by him, tinged with his fatal disappointment, and witty ones. Let us admit some relic of this admired conversationalist and effective pioneer to our short study—a stanza or two of the characteristic "Lines Written in a Lady's Album":—

"I've besought Mr. Moore, in his idlest hours,  
To honour a verse with this leaf of thine;—  
But his time is so wasted in market flowers,  
That he will not give ear to a prayer of mine.

"I've teased Mr. Rogers,—Old Memory's Bard,—  
To remember a rhyme,—but 'tis all forgot!  
And I've hoped Hope's Poet would sing,—but 'tis hard,  
That, hope as one will,—Hope's Bard will not!

"I've prayed of Coleridge,—the mighty, the mouthy,  
The mystic, the indolent!—one line to spare;—  
But he is asleep:—and the malmsey hath Southey,  
And pledged to a second-hand Milton,—is Clare!"

This effusion is printed next to some paragraphs by Lamb, and next to those appears a "Letter from Rome" by George Darley, another man of highly original yet somehow unconsummated powers, mathematician, art critic, scourge of bad dramatists, and singular poet of the phantasmal and remote. Darley's verse has been edited more than once, but uncollected examples shed their glowworm light over the practicalities of the old ATHENÆUM. In them may be discerned the "Celtic" wistfulness which lately emerged into popularity through the songs of Mr. W. B. Yeats. They are of a peculiar beauty, ever fugitive yet remaining; the "Serenade of a Loyal Martyr" is the finest of those published in the ATHENÆUM:—

"Sweet in her green cell the Flower of Beauty slumbers,  
Lulled by the faint breezes sighing thro' her hair;  
Sleeps she, and hears not the melancholy numbers  
Breathed to my sad lute amid the lonely air?

"Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming,  
To wind round the willow banks that lure him from above:  
O that in tears from my rocky prison streaming  
I too could glide to the bower of my love!

"Ah! where the woodbines with sleepy arms have wound  
her,  
Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,  
Listening like the dove, while the fountains echo round  
her,  
To her lost mate's call in the forests far away?

"Come, then, my Bird!—for the peace thou ever bearest,  
Still heaven's messenger of comfort to me,  
Come!—this fond bosom, my faithfullest, my fairest!  
Bleeds with its death-wound, but deeper yet for thee."

Our retrospective pleasures, brief as they have been, and only concerned with a fragment of ATHENÆUM history, must come to an end, and yet if they suggest to the reader a more extensive exploration of the ranked volumes whose physical solidity, although it appears an obvious testimony to the greatness of the Victorians, nevertheless tends to repel the hurried hand of posterity, they will have effected an acceptable result. The editor of many an author, the anthologist of many a topic might make a visitation of this immense garner; the literary historian should not be content with the separate publications of his sphere but seize the advantages of such a wealth of uncollected authoritative reflections, information, and atmosphere. Even a sound table of the most valuable contents of the paper would be a thing worth undertaking. While these notions occur, other ATHENÆUM annals are striving to obtain a place in our sketch; it would be agreeable to dwell on such a theme as the works which first appeared serially here—Medwin's "Shelley Papers," de Morgan's "Budget of Paradoxes," Mrs. Browning's "Greek Christian Poets," among others; or one might gratefully indicate the accurate yet cordial support given by the journal to the editing and interpretation of Pope, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, and other writers now available in almost ideal forms of scholarly presentation. "Enough: and leave the rest to Fame."

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

## PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

By JOHN RANDALL.

### I.—ATHENÆUM CHARACTERS

AS the ATHENÆUM is now celebrating its centenary, perhaps you will allow me, as one who was closely connected with the production of that paper for many years, to record some impressions of people and things connected with it.

My introduction to it was early in May, 1875, when, as a young man of twenty-one, I became a proof-reader at the Athenæum Press, having served an apprenticeship in a printing office in the North of London. As the name implied, the ATHENÆUM was the mainstay of the Press, it having then been printed there for about forty-five years. This printing office was in Took's Court, Cursitor Street, and consisted of two old Georgian houses that had been private residences, but had been converted into business premises by the simple expedient of knocking down the party wall between them. The result was most inconvenient, none of the rooms being large, and a few compositors being in one room, and a few in another. The editor at that time was Norman MacColl, a fine, handsome, red-bearded man in the prime of life. He had, in fact, only succeeded Hepworth Dixon at the beginning of 1871. The inconvenience of the internal arrangements of the office was sometimes brought into prominence by the fact that visitors to the editor's room on the first floor occasionally came down the wrong staircase, and found no means of egress, the front door of one of the houses never being opened. This was the house that adjoined the Chiswick Press, famous as the home of so much good printing, and then under the control of Mr. C. T. Jacobi.

The proprietor of the Athenæum Press was Edward J. Francis, who had been apprenticed to James Holmes, the printer of the ATHENÆUM for many years, and part-

proprietor of the paper in its early days. Mr. Edward Francis had succeeded to the printing business, and in 1875 also printed *NOTES AND QUERIES*, which had recently been purchased by Sir Charles Dilke. There was a very close association between printer and proprietor, for the printer was the son of John Francis, who was then the publisher and business manager of the *ATHENÆUM*, and had been so since 1831, soon after Sir Charles's grandfather had purchased the paper. The publishing office was then at 20, Wellington Street, and the publisher was not often seen at Took's Court.

This association was to continue yet for many years, so that it must be regarded as one of the noteworthy facts of literature. John Francis remained publisher and manager until his death on the eve of Good Friday, 1882, filling that position for fully fifty years. He was succeeded in it by his other son, John Collins Francis, who was still occupying it when Sir Charles Dilke died in January, 1911. Thus the paper had been in the proprietorship of grandfather, father, and son for over eighty years, had a father and son as its business managers for the same period, and was printed almost in the same office for the whole time. The printing connection has to be slightly qualified because the Took's Court premises were required by the Government for the extension of the Patent Office, though the Chiswick Press was left untouched; and the new Athenæum Press was erected a stone's-throw away in the reconstructed Bream's Buildings. The family printing connection was not, however, disturbed, the printer at the time of the removal being John Edward Francis, the son of the printer at the time I went to Took's Court.

I have been led to refer at undue length, perhaps, to what may be thought of as the external relations of the paper. Let me glance at the more intimate side. I have incidentally mentioned Sir Charles Dilke as the proprietor of the *ATHENÆUM*. Though he had already made his mark in the House of Commons and was most assiduous in his attendance there, he nevertheless found time to keep himself well posted in everything connected with the *ATHENÆUM*. Thus he had proofs sent to him of all literary reviews and of any articles referring in any way to social or political matters. If he was struck by any point in these, he would tear off the piece and return it at once to the editor, with a hurriedly pencilled note scribbled in the margin. He would sometimes review books on subjects in which he took a special interest, and I was often amazed at the rapidity with which he worked. A book he had asked for would be sent to him, and in a couple of days the review would be on the editor's table, ready for the printer. Though such a quick worker, he was wonderfully accurate, and was seldom caught tripping, even in small details. Once, however, I detected an error in a review by him. It was in the early eighties, when Henry George's book was creating such a stir in political and economic circles. Sir Charles referred to it (the review of course being unsigned) as "*Poverty and Progress*." I pointed out to the editor that the first and last words of the title should have been transposed. He sent the proof to Sir Charles with a note to this effect, and Sir Charles returned it with the correction marked.

Here is an item of a different kind. One of the principal reviewers for the *ATHENÆUM* in those years was Theodore Watts, afterwards Watts-Dunton. He was a terror alike to editor and printers on account of the number of alterations he made in the proofs of his articles, sometimes excising sentences, and sometimes marking long insertions. Sometimes he wanted a revised proof sent to him, and this inevitably involved further alterations. His friend Swinburne, who lived in the same house with him, was the exact opposite of Watts-Dunton in this respect.

If Swinburne sent a poem to the *ATHENÆUM*, it would come in a large, bold handwriting, and the proof would be returned by the poet without, probably, a single alteration. Another prominent reviewer for the *ATHENÆUM* about that period was H. Buxton Forman, the editor of *Keats*. He was akin to Swinburne in his style of composition, and insisted on his manuscript being returned to him with the proof, that he might be sure that no deviation had been made from his copy.

Norman MacColl remained editor until 1900. On his retirement he gave a dinner to the printing staff, at which he remarked that he thought it was desirable that a journal which was growing old should have an editor who was young. This was Mr. Vernon H. Rendall, who was still editor when Sir Charles died in 1911.

## II.—HOURS OF WORK IN THE 'SEVENTIES

As the *ATHENÆUM* in its earlier years devoted a considerable portion of its space to advocating the amelioration of the social conditions of the people, you will perhaps allow me to add a few remarks founded on my own experiences of changing conditions. My reason for doing this is not that these experiences were in any way uncommon, but just the opposite, namely, that they were the conditions usual at the time, and so the record of them may serve to illustrate the great improvements that have taken place in the working conditions of those engaged in the production of such a journal as *THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM*. As I have already said, before joining the *ATHENÆUM* I served an apprenticeship in a printing office in the North of London. Here I began as a reading-boy, working the same hours as the compositors—sixty per week. The week was arranged thus: Monday and Tuesday, 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.; Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 8 a.m. to 8.30 p.m.; Saturday, 8 a.m. to 2 p.m. An hour and a half was allowed on each of the first five days for meal-times, but nothing on Saturday. My wages were 5s. a week, or just a penny per working hour. It took me about fifty minutes to get to the office, so that I was away from home from a little after seven in the morning till nearly nine in the evening on Monday and Tuesday, and till nearly half-past nine on the next three days. During my apprenticeship the compositors' movement for the fifty-four-hour week occurred. Our firm would not agree to this, and all our compositors left; but after three days the firm asked them to come back, and the office hours were reduced to fifty-four. To suit the work of the office, the reduction of hours was not made uniform throughout the week, but more was allowed in the earlier part; and I can still recall the sense of enjoyment that resulted from our ceasing work on Wednesdays at 7 p.m. instead of 8.30. It seemed like having a half-holiday every week.

At that period there was no limit to the overtime that might be worked in printing offices. We printed a high-class semi-political weekly, that was supposed to go on the machine at 5 o'clock on Tuesday morning; but during the later part of my apprenticeship I often worked from 8 o'clock on Monday morning till 7 o'clock on Tuesday evening, with only an occasional interval of an hour or less for a hasty meal.

At the Athenæum Press things were considerably better, the fifty-four-hour week having become the standard throughout the trade. The *ATHENÆUM* nominally had to be ready for the machine at midnight on Thursday, but the editor, Mr. Norman MacColl, used often to make heavy corrections on the proofs, with the result that it was generally one o'clock, and sometimes later, before the last forme was ready and readers and compositors could go home. And in the majority of cases that meant a fairly long walk,



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## THE ATHENÆUM AND THE PENNY POST

WHILE the ATHENÆUM was primarily a literary journal, it was an earnest advocate of every good social and humanitarian cause, and was in advance of its time in urging persistently such matters as sanitation, housing, education, and the reform of the penal system. It was the first paper to war systematically against the so-called "taxes on knowledge"; the heavy duties on advertisements, on paper, &c., which prevented for so long the development of a popular Press. It was also a strong and early supporter of Rowland Hill in his successful campaign for a penny post; and we believe that some extracts from its articles upon this question will be of interest to our readers, as indicating the nature of the controversy which the proposal aroused.

Let us first recall certain facts which perhaps are not generally realized. Before the days of the penny post, there was no such thing as our present system of stamps by which the postal charge is prepaid by the sender of a letter. The charge was collected on delivery from the recipient, a proceeding which was wasteful of time and therefore of money. The charges, so collected, were heavy, and they varied, very much as railway rates do, in accordance with the distance of transmission. There were comparatively cheap facilities for deliveries within certain local areas; there was, for example, within the London area a twopenny post, and a threepenny post. But, as regards the "general post," the charges ranged from 4d. to 1s. 8d. for a single letter of less than 1 ounce in weight. Under this system, "smuggling," as it was termed, was rife, and the Post Office revenue remained stagnant despite the immensely rapid rate at which the country was developing. Sir Rowland Hill demonstrated, by an analysis of the Post Office accounts, that it cost only a trifle more to send a letter a long distance than a short one, the bulk of Post Office expenditure consisting of overhead charges and the costs of collection and delivery. He further showed that by arrangements for prepaid postage the costs of delivery could be greatly reduced, and he claimed that, given the large increase of correspondence which cheap rates could not fail to stimulate, the postal service could be made to pay its way on the basis of a uniform penny post.

The postal authorities were sceptical, as authorities usually are. Some reduction in postal charges might be desirable; but it was necessary to proceed cautiously and not to expect too much. Such was the tenour of the evidence which they gave before a Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to investigate the question. Without waiting for the Report of this Committee, the ATHENÆUM proceeded to review its Minutes of Evidence in two lengthy articles in successive issues in April, 1838. Upon the official evidence in general it expressed itself as follows:—

"The great opponents of Mr. Hill's scheme are the Postmaster-General and his Secretary. At the same time that we propose to comment freely on their evidence, it must not be inferred that we desire to impugn the general management of the Post Office, as at present constituted by law. We have every reason to believe that these important offices were never filled by individuals more zealous in the discharge of their duty; and that every department of the establishment, and every branch of service connected with it, are maintained in full operation and excellent order by their presiding energy and ability; and Mr. Rowland Hill himself bears testimony to the courtesy of Lord Litchfield in every communication he has had with him. Yet, after these comprehensive admissions, we must add, that their evidence betrays, to our minds, just the usual degree of

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official jealousy of interference with the established system of their department, and fully the average amount of official partialities. It would seem not to be their business, or duty, or desire, to contrive how a beneficial change might be carried into operation, but to consider specially, if not solely, whether the quiet of the dead letter office would not be disturbed, or the president of the mail-carts hurried, or the revenue diminished by the value of an inch of red tape. They remind us of the advocates of East India monopoly, who contended for the renewal of the charter, because the natives of Hindustan, having no taste or use for British manufactures beyond what the Company supplied, it was not desirable to open the trade with them; since which time, however, we have found them disposed to purchase ship-loads of muslin, calico, and cotton-yarn, and have seen that, within a few years after opening the trade, the exports of the Port of Liverpool have more than doubled."

The ATHENÆUM quoted long extracts from the evidence showing the hardships of dear postage to the poor ("I assure you," says one witness, "that my heart bleeds when I take letters to the poor. I have known them go and pawn their goods to pay for the postage of a letter when they wished to have it"), and the extent to which the Postmaster-General's monopoly was being infringed. Its comment was as follows:—

"We might almost say that, *fortunately* for trade and commerce, the operation of the Government monopoly is counteracted by the clandestine conveyance of letters. The means of evasion are so obvious and frequent, and the power of prevention so ineffectual, that the post has become only the extraordinary, instead of the usual channel for the transmission of business letters.

"If the Post Office authorities have a knowledge of what is going on in that way, they have not paraded it on this occasion, for the officers in the English and Scotch departments, who have been examined on the subject, show a want of information difficult to account for; but perhaps it has not been thought desirable to make it manifest, that the Post Office, which was established *professedly to afford advantage to trade and commerce*, has become an impediment to trade and commerce. The examination of the evidence given by the Government officers, will show that the Post is now looked to solely as a source of revenue; that the charge of postage is, in fact, considered as little other than a tax; and that, in every instance, where the advantage of trade and commerce, or any other advantage to the writers of letters, comes into competition with the Post Office charge, it is a feather in the balance; and this inquiry respecting Mr. Hill's plan, was avowedly only granted to see whether it could be carried into effect *without interfering with the revenue*."

Upon the point of prepaid postage, the ATHENÆUM made a practical and enterprising contribution. It was proposed to effect this reform by means of stamped covers for letters, the device of affixable stamps not yet having been suggested. The objection was made that the stamped covers might be forged. The ATHENÆUM replied that forgery could be circumvented by the use of a "peculiar paper with lines of thread or silk stretched through its substance," and printed the whole of its issue of April 28th, 1838, upon this paper, specially supplied by the inventor, in order to demonstrate the efficacy of this device.

The ATHENÆUM riddled the arguments of the luckless Colonel Maberly, the Postmaster-General of the day, who had gone so far as to express the extraordinary opinion that the "smuggler" would still beat the Post Office, even if the penny post were introduced, which, if true, would have meant that even a penny post was excessive. Colonel Maberly declared himself not unfavourable to an experiment with stamped covers, provided that they were charged for at the existing postal rates. It would be "preposterous," he argued, to charge less for prepaid letters than for others, because this would "drive the public, from a sense of interest, into the plan of stamped covers," a form

of coercion which the Colonel considered in some way immoral. The ATHENÆUM's comment was as follows:—

"It appears to us that the plan of the gallant Colonel . . . is something like starting an omnibus to carry passengers from the Bank to Paddington at the rate of 4s. 6d. each, because that is the fare of a hackney-coach, instead of 'driving the public, *by a sense of interest*,' to ride that distance for 6d. And we presume that, had hackney-coaches been a royal monopoly, and Colonel Maberly hackney-coachmaster general, the finance minister and the whole cabinet would never have persuaded him to allow such innovations as cabs or omnibuses, except on condition of their rate of charge being the same as that of the old hacks—and probably their rate of travelling."

The sequel to the controversy is well known. The hesitations of the postal authorities were over-ruled; the bold plan of a uniform penny post was adopted, and within a few years it had proved itself a brilliant success. In forming the public opinion which made this reform possible, the ATHENÆUM played no inconsiderable part; and the same is true, as we have said, of most of the achievements in the sphere of social policy which stand to the credit of the nineteenth century.

## A LIBEL ACTION

THE importance attached to the ATHENÆUM's literary verdicts received once an unwelcome, if flattering testimony. In 1875, a criticism in the ATHENÆUM of an atlas, called the "Edinburgh Educational Atlas," was the subject of a libel action brought by Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston, the publishers. The case was heard in Edinburgh; and the contemporary comments suggest that the spirit of avenging Flodden may have played some part in determining the issue. However that may be, the jury found for Messrs. Johnston, assessing damages at £1,275. The journal appealed on the ground that the verdict was against the weight of evidence. The case, indeed, is of some importance in legal annals, since it raises the question as to what degree and freshness of collaboration justifies a production in being described as the "work" of a certain man. The complaint against the ATHENÆUM was that its contributor Dr. Beke had declared that the atlas because of certain blunders and omissions could not have been the work of either Dr. Keith Johnston or his son; and it transpired that both these gentlemen had revised the plates several years earlier. The Scottish Judges declined to say that the verdict was against the evidence, though one of them declared that "very little more" would have decided him to say so; but they reduced the damages, which they described as "outrageous," to £100. Such was the ATHENÆUM's one brush with the Law Courts of which we can find record.

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THE following is a list of the editors of the ATHENÆUM from its foundation until it was merged with THE NATION in 1921:—

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LITERARY JOURNAL.

1828.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2.

No. 1.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

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GREAT and rapid as have been the changes in all that constitutes the moral, political, and productive power of England, not one among the varied features of her character has within the same space of time undergone so thorough a revolution as her Literature. It is as different now from the state in which it was in a century ago, both in the number and nature of its productions, not merely as at any two periods in the history of the same country, but as the Literature of any two civilized and co-existing nations could possibly be. Whether the change has been for the better or worse, may, possibly, in some minds, admit of doubt, but of the certainty of the change itself there can be but one opinion.

The main cause of this, has been the increased wealth of the higher, and the increased knowledge of the lower orders of the people. These gave the first impulse to a demand for an increased number of books; and the very circulation which supplied such demand, served only to create fresh desires;—so that cause and effect, continually revolving in a circle, have gone on producing and re-producing, with such an accelerating speed, that if we continue thus to advance in almost geometrical progression, we may contemplate, at no very distant period, such an accumulation of literary productions, as to verify, without hyperbole, the Oriental peroration of the Evangelist, who apprehended that 'even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.'

To the increased production of food, the limited surface of the earth sets bounds. To the increase of population, disease, poverty, and crime, operate as checks. And even if either of these attain, at any one period, a considerable superabundance, forth stalks the destroying angel, in the shape of famine, pestilence, or war, to sweep away the surplus, and bring back things to what, in the language of the modern school, is called 'their healthy and natural level.' Since the days of Omar, however, who burns the Alexandrian Library,—because all the books it contained were, if they accorded with the Koran, unnecessary, and if differing from it, pernicious,—we have had no barbarian destroyer sufficiently powerful to stay the torrent of light and knowledge that is now fast covering the whole earth. Men die and disappear; the most skilful productions of their ingenuity or labour perish, and are forgotten; and even the most colossal monuments which their admiring contemporaries or successors erect to carry down their names and deeds to posterity, crumble into dust. But books—and books only—can be made to endure for ever. The pyramids may be razed to the level of the rock on which they were erected, or buried in the sands of the surrounding desert; an earthquake would effect the one, and a whirlwind accomplish the other. But the books in which the mysteries of the Egyptians, the history of the Jews whom they held in bondage, and the destruction of Pharaoh and his hosts, are described, can never perish. The Acropolis of Athens is in ruins,—the statue of Olympian Jupiter is no more,—the Parthenon is fast hastening to destruction,—and the ATHENÆUM, that sacred edifice dedicated to Minerva, in which the poets, orators, and philosophers of Greece recited their several composi-

tions,—lives but in name. Yet Homer, Hesiod, Anacreon, and Theocritus,—Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, and Sophocles,—Herodotus, Xenophon, Plutarch, and Thucydides, are still existing,—still our own; the constant companions of hundreds, the occasional administrators of instruction and delight to thousands; and nothing short of that great conflagration, in which

—'The globe itself,  
And all which it inhabit, shall dissolve.'

can destroy these precious records of ancient wisdom, genius, and taste.

This difference in the durability of books, beyond all other productions of the human mind and hand, existed even in the earliest ages; because, being valuable only for the thoughts they contained, and these being capable of being transcribed from copy to copy, at a comparatively small expense of time and labour, the poets, orators, historians, and philosophers, of any one country, might be seen, read, and enjoyed, by all the intelligent people of another; and when worn out, defaced, or accidentally lost or destroyed, be reproduced, in exactly the same perfection, from some other existing copy; an advantage enjoyed by scarcely any other class of human productions. And let it be especially observed, that here the word is used for want only of a more accurate term; for, although a copy of a statue of Phidias or Canova, and a copy of a painting of Raphael or Rubens, would, by whomsoever executed, be strictly a copy, and could not convey an exact idea of the minute beauties or perfections of their respective originals, yet a transcript, or, in ordinary language, a 'copy' of Homer, in his own tongue, is strictly and truly an original; and, by whomsoever written or printed, preserves all its pristine excellence. Since the discovery of printing, however, and the increased facilities it affords to continual reproduction and multiplication, the difference is still more striking; so that now, more than ever, it may be truly said, that while almost all other things, even admitting their universally acknowledged merit, live but for a period, and are then doomed to perish and decay, books of standard worth continue to endure, by constantly successive renewal; and to those already existing are continually adding others, equally deserving preservation, so as to swell the general amount almost beyond calculation.

But—and it is to this, chiefly, that our observations have been tending—though some good has undoubtedly arisen from this facility of extending knowledge in every direction, and elevating the minds of the humblest of our fellow-men to considerations which, without such aids, would be altogether beyond the reach of their circumstances and their capacities; it may be doubted whether very considerable evils have not also sprung from the same cause, especially as affecting the higher and middling ranks of society; and whether the balance is not so equal, as to make men hesitate in giving a decided opinion as to its ultimate effects on the general interests of our country, and of mankind. Half a century ago, it was the privilege or the happiness of well-educated persons only to be literary: now, it is a character or quality to which the most ordinary minds lay claim. Mark the difference:—then, as in more ancient days, much fewer books were written, for there were fewer persons to read them; but such as were written, contained, frequently, the labour of a life, and at least aimed at reputa-

tion, by the only means then likely to obtain it, namely, by applying to their composition all the learning, genius, taste, and careful revision, which could alone ensure their favourable reception among the only reading classes then existing;—now, ten times the number of works are produced, but the labour of a few weeks is deemed sufficient for a history of one of the most extraordinary individuals, and one of the most striking periods of modern times! We have neither a Newton, a Locke, a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Hume, or a Gibbon among us at present; nor would the labours of such writers, if such there were, be in the smallest degree more popular or better rewarded now than at the period in which they wrote. Their places are filled, not by men, who, like themselves, wrote chiefly from their passionate attachment to the subjects and the principles developed in their writings, and the ardent longing after immortality, which could alone inspire and sustain such colossal labours,—but by writers who seek to gratify the caprice of the reigning taste, and obtain an immediate pecuniary reward, without reference to the good or evil that may result to others from their productions, or the reputation which may await their names beyond the present century. This may be the wiser course.—If

'Happiness, our being's end and aim,'  
be best secured by momentary popularity and immediate pay, Sir Walter Scott's 'History of Napoleon' may have given him more pleasure, as it assuredly produced him more profit, than Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of Rome'; and, judged by this standard, Lord Byron's 'Don Juan' would be deemed a much more valuable poem than the 'Paradise Lost' of Milton, and the whole of Shakespeare thrown into the scale! But is this a change on which we can congratulate our country? Let the reader answer to his own conscience.

We have observed, that the facility of diffusing literary productions has operated, both as cause and effect, to produce and reproduce new wants and new supplies; and we may now add, that this is, also, which has contributed, by the very increase of quantity, to deteriorate the value of such productions. This is the manner in which it operates:—In former days, when books were purchased by individuals, and became the undivided property of some one person who had to pay its whole price, great care was taken by the intending purchaser to inquire into the worth of the volume before he bought it: he might first have heard of it perhaps at some college or public institution,—he might have known something of the character of the writer, the bookseller, or the patron, all of whom were much more careful in associating their names with any work of inferior merit than at present; and being satisfied on these points, the book was bought by the principal literary men of the day. If really good, the sale was certain, though it might be slow; if bad, it fell into deserved neglect and oblivion. The case is now entirely different:—At present, (with very few exceptions, indeed,) it may be generally said, that no man in the middle class of life buys a book for his own exclusive use. He hears of it now through the advertisements of the public papers; and he may have it in his possession, in any part of England, within a few days after it is published in London, and peruse it from beginning to end at a circulating library for sixpence. Neither the name of the author, the bookseller, nor the patron, at all concerns him; it is sufficient that

The above is a facsimile reproduction of the first page of the first issue of the ATHENÆUM. The Editor is making his bow to the public in an article which deplores the "inundation of trifling books," and announces that the purpose of the ATHENÆUM will be "to stem if possible the flood of degeneracy which threatens to overwhelm the public taste and character." It will be observed that the leading instances given of this degeneracy are works by Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron.



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## THE ATHENÆUM.

[No. 1.]

stress upon 'at one time' from having often heard names strung together in a retrospective eulogy of 'olden times', which, in fact, flourished successively, and not together. Let us run over a few of the most prominent of those on the present roll.

On looking back over what we have already written, we fear that the pursuit of this second branch of our subject to its close, would extend our observations to an inconvenient length; and as we should regret breaking off at any other period of time than this, we defer entering on the proposed enumeration till our next, in which we shall be certain of carrying it through without interruption.

## MR. BUCKINGHAM TO HIS READERS.

The subject of the following address being one that affects myself personally—and not relating to the collective capacity in which my own opinions, and those of the gentlemen with whom I have the honour to be associated, will be given, on the books, men, and things, which may see under our review in the pages of 'The Athenæum,'—I think it my duty to state, frankly, what I have to say, under my own hand, and in my own name, to avoid all possible misrepresentation.

Some time after the prospectus of 'The Athenæum' was issued, and all our preparations for its publication completed: within, indeed, a few days only of the present date, having had a personal conference with the eminent publisher, Mr. Colburn, on the subject of my last volume of 'Travels in Mesopotamia,' which was so successfully published by him during the last winter, and for the purpose of confiding to him, for publication during the present season, another volume of 'Travels through Persia,' taking up the point at which the former terminated, and pursuing the route over land to India—the conversation turned upon this new literary undertaking; and ended, without previous intimation on either side of even touching upon the subject, in a reciprocal impression that 'The Athenæum' might be considerably benefited by its receiving the valuable aid of his co-operation in all that relates to the business part of its success. The certainty, from his wealth, of commanding sufficient capital to carry the experiment through, in a bold and fearless manner; the indisputable privilege of possessing the earliest literary intelligence; the most abundant supplies of books; and the ready assistance of the most popular writers of the day; the unpurchaseable advantage of securing the guidance of his experience in details, necessary new to one who, like myself, had passed more than twenty years of his life in other countries; all these suggested themselves as powerful reasons why the giving to Mr. Colburn an equal participation in the interests of 'The Athenæum' would place beyond all manner of doubt, a success that, without such aid, even under the most talented and upright management, might be problematical. As the great object, therefore, which every man has at heart, must be the attainment of the end for which he puts certain means in motion; so, any and every thing that could contribute to make 'The Athenæum' more rich, powerful, varied, and attractive, would be deservedly objects of my approbation: and in setting them, when presented, I should be but converting the best interests, as well as satisfaction, of those by whose support and patronage alone this, or any other work, can exist.—*THE PUBLISHER.* I, therefore, yielded my assent to an immediate union of our resources—his to swell the store of materials, and mine to use them with effect: and it was instantly and cordially met in a corresponding spirit.

The use that will, no doubt, be made of this fact, will be, that the disappointed rivals of Mr. Colburn, and the unrelenting enemies of myself—for rivals who are outstripped in the race for public favour, must view with disappointment, if not envy, their more successful competitor; and opponents, who inflict wrong upon the advocates of liberty, never relent towards them while the sufferers continue to stand up firmly for their rights)—the use, I repeat, that these rival and envious may make of this fact will probably be, to insinuate that the literary independence of 'The Athenæum' will be endangered by the union. Let them endeavour to create this impression as they may. The answer, and the antidote, are both at hand. And first, Mr. Colburn has, in the most open and explicit manner, disclaimed all exercise of authority, or interference, even in the minutest particular, as to any matter connected with the literary management of the Work; leaving to me the sole and undivided power of doing whatever I may think just in this respect. Secondly, his pecuniary interest in the property is not greater than my own; so that, being Editor, as well as co-equal proprietor, he could not exercise such control, even if he wished it,—which, however, I sincerely believe he does not:—and, thirdly, as with myself, the success of 'The Athenæum' is the first object at least; and his own stake in it is sufficiently large to prevent his interest from being suffered to affect this, which any interference with its independence would assuredly do. And, lastly, after the severe and multiplied trials which my own principles have undergone, in the fiery furnace of Oriental despotism,—after having risked my life in more than one contest with offended authorities, and seen the foundations of a fortune of at least 100,000*l.* swept away from beneath my feet,—though a little trimming of opinion, and a slight bending to the capriciousness of circumstances, would have left me even more than that sum as a legacy for my children,—after this, it would be an insult to the understanding of that class, at least, to whom 'The Athenæum' will principally address itself—to suppose they could believe for a moment that no Jacobin a phantom as the fear of any author's or publisher's despotism would make me shrink from the stern and honest performance of my duty. My own heart answers—*Never!* And till this be seen to be a *false* answer, I ask only for a fair trial and an honest jury, before whom I shall be always ready to appear, and render up an account of my stewardship.

Jan. 1, 1828.

J. B. BUCKINGHAM.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

The impossibility of including within any single Number of a Periodical Journal, a specimen of ALL the subjects it is intended to embrace, induces the Editor to say, that a very great variety of topics, not touched on in the present Number, will be included in future ones, as the natural operation of time and experience harmonises the choice of all saw being brought into form.

## TO THE CONDUCTORS OF THE PUBLIC PRESS.

The Editor of 'The Athenæum' takes this public occasion to express his sincere and cordial sense of the kind and handsome manner in which his new literary undertaking has been noticed in nearly all the Public Journals of the kingdom; and to each of which a copy of the present Number is addressed, for such analysis, comment, or report, as they may see fit.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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There are still very large classes of the community to whom the 'London Encyclopedia' is unknown; they are not aware, probably, of its nature and object,—that with a cheapness, which, but for the extensiveness of its sale, would induce the Publisher, to combine all that is essential and really important in works of three times its magnitude and price; and that it may be universally acceptable,—in all the great debatable points, which belong not properly to knowledge, because the opinions of the wise and the best of men are at variance upon them,—the Editor has taken the utmost care to avoid either political or religious animosities. The object of the work is to give information on all subjects, but not to play the advocate or special pleader with regard to any. Churchmen and Dissenters of all sects and classes may here learn what each other think; but they will not find the 'London Encyclopedia' an arsenal, furnishing them with weapons to carry on either an offensive or a defensive war.

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December, 1827.

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The above is a reproduction of a later page of the first issue, showing hundred years ago. The page also includes an "address" to his readers explaining that although a publisher, Mr. Colburn, is joint proprietor literary independence.

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There are over 700 pages of correspondence in this volume, and 99 per cent. of the correspondence is between the Queen and her Ministers. Yet there is hardly a single page or line of a single one of the Queen's letters in which she is not abusing, thwarting, or nagging at her Liberal Ministers or their policy. The story really begins during Disraeli's Ministry when she conceived the most violent hatred of the Opposition because it opposed the Government of her favourite and because it showed signs of favouring "democracy." In September, 1879, she writes:

*"I never could take Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Lowe as my Minister again, for I never could have the slightest particle of confidence in Mr. Gladstone after his violent, mischievous, and dangerous conduct for the last three years. . . ."*

When the Beaconsfield Government fell with a crash at the elections of 1880, she did indeed refuse to send for Gladstone, and she was furious when she found that no Government could be formed at all unless he were the Prime Minister. Her hostility to him and to Liberalism was, of course, known, but I never realized its almost insane virulence until I found myself immersed in the cataract of underlined abuse and bitterness which sweeps through the 700 pages of this volume. Nor do I think that the greatness of Gladstone anywhere comes out more clearly than in his treatment of this angry and unscrupulous woman. His Government, sometimes through its own mistakes, but more often through the malignancy of events, found itself faced abroad with the most dangerous and delicate situations. The Queen's only idea of a policy was a kind of hectic Disraelism, a wild Jingoism, in which the British Army should be used in every quarter of the globe to seize territory, to oppose Russia, and "make itself respected," with the most stringent Coercion Bills in Ireland, and pains and penalties to all "rebels," by which word she seems to have meant everyone, from Arabi to Mr. Healy, who opposed or criticized Queen Victoria. Mr. Gladstone was a Liberal statesman, returned to power with a large majority and a mandate against Imperialism. At every turn he found his policy violently opposed and obstructed, and (it is hardly an exaggeration) betrayed, by an ostensibly Constitutional Monarch, who acted behind his back with his political opponents. Personally she treated him with such ill-tempered and ill-mannered arrogance as no other Prime Minister has tolerated from the Crown for centuries. Yet there is not a sentence in this volume in which he does not treat her with a superb courtesy which makes her own letters sound like the shrill abuse of an enraged kitchen-maid. Only occasionally and with tremendous effect does he allow a tone of ironical humour to flicker for a moment through his formal and elaborately courteous answers. But one's interest in the psychology of the historical actors ought not to distract one entirely from the political moral of this volume. The years covered by it were a critical period for democracy and Liberalism, which suffered a disastrous setback between 1880 and 1885. These letters show that Gladstone and the Liberal Party of the time, whatever their mistakes, were not given a fair chance, for they were obstructed at every step by the persistent and secret hostility of the Crown.

LEONARD WOOLF.

## REVIEWS

## RAMBLES ROUND CAMELOT

**Le Morte d'Arthur.** With BEARDSLEY'S designs. (Dent. 42s.)  
**Le Morte d'Arthur.** Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT. (Cape, and Medici Society. 15s.)  
**Arthur of Britain.** By E. K. CHAMBERS. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 10s. 6d.)

THE habits of the world described by Malory parallel in a way those of the cinematographic plane, and his programme extends through reel after reel of cheerful but detached seduction, bloodshed, and well-dressed ruffianism; the opening passage gives us the key to the convention. Therein the grand old King Uther, observing that the Duke of Tintagel has a beautiful wife, invites him to his castle, "charging him to bring his wife with him." Despite this and further arrangements Uther makes no progress, until presently he serves up a war on the Duke, and through the metaphysics of Merlin calls at Tintagel Castle in the just deceased Duke's likeness. The Duchess has no metaphysics. This sample of the old chivalry might almost be enough for many modern readers, and on the other hand it resembles for moral distinction and probability a good deal of the entertainment offered to us in recent years. The beauties of Malory are genuine and permanent, but not numerous enough to vitalize the mass of monotonous joustings and smitings which he cleverly compiled, as it is presumed, to occupy his time in prison. In less fortified years he would perhaps have set up a rival to "Wisden's Almanack," or shown his talent as an authority on public records, and during the European War he might have excelled in expressing officially the acts which won medals and orders. After exploring his chronicles one feels an increased admiration for Tennyson, not because that poet's dressing of what he significantly called "Idylls of the King" is a specially lively or soul-making work, but because he saw that for an altered age the complete text of Malory would not remain readable.

The reason why Beardsley's drawings for Mr. Dent's reprint of Malory were so frequently absurd was clearly what Mr. Aylmer Vallance in the present reissue suggests and indicates: Beardsley did not find the book readable. The result of this preliminary hitch and Beardsley's moods and fancies was a marvellous medley in which Arthur and his knights are difficult to detect through the clouds of irrelevant curiosities, and when detected are a little ridiculous, seeming to need physical training and nourishing food. Around them with haughty indifference assemble Anacreontic boys, half-angels, Lamias, willowy witches, wintry faces and forests of raven hair, shaggy satyrs tuning their pipes, and figures who a little while before had been more comfortable on the Japanese prints of Utamaro or Toyokuni. Beardsley's Questing Beast is plainly the offspring of a Chinese dragon and peacock. Occasionally he expresses his boredom directly, as when his Morgan le Fay is seen presenting a blank shield of the cheapest type to a rustically resentful Tristram: it was, as Mr. Vallance observes, "his first serious commission." The new issue of Malory with Beardsley ("here was the strangest pair in the world anywhere") contains two designs which have not been used before and ten others which were not in the original edition. The old-fashioned Arthurian scholarship of the late John Rhys supplies the introduction to a text founded on Southey, collated with Sommer, and modified in spelling and occasionally in phrase.

However incoherent Beardsley's embellishments are, it is rather on account of them than of Malory that the edition mentioned will be received, and certainly for ordinary reading (though we are inclined to call it extraordinary) the one-volume edition reproducing the text of the Riccardi Press "Morte d'Arthur," 1911, has more qualifications. Its carefully modernized text from Sommer, sound index, and glossary should serve all unspecialized requirements, and the coloured illustrations by Mr. Russell Flint provide elegant tableaux refining on the book, much as Tennyson tinted and posed his Arthuriana in another medium. These exquisite ladies would not be at a loss if transferred to the scenery of the "Arabian Nights," though their warriors might.

Sir Edmund Chambers has applied all his powers of research and selection to the task of finding Arthur of Britain as a man beyond all the artists, historians, and bards, and as he notices that there are two hundred full manuscripts of Geoffrey of Monmouth's "Historia Regum Britanniae" existing and no definitive edition, he is unlikely to find many competent reviewers. Speaking as an incompetent, we are unwilling to accept his reduction of Merlin, who has been much maligned from time to time, as the invention of Geoffrey. Not discovering where Geoffrey came by the name Merlin, Sir Edmund deploys a speculation on the Latin word for "hawk," Melinus a worker of harms in Jocelyn's "Vita Patricii," and Geoffrey's love of bad etymology. This is ineffective; but Merlin has protagonists abroad, such as Mr. H. J. Massingham, who will surely spring up and assert his antiquity, which already when Geoffrey collected his legend for Arthur's romantic benefit was (they say) immense. If Malory had played the useful Merlin a little more freely, we should not at this point have laid his book aside and resumed what is to us the real masterpiece of this tradition—Mark Twain's "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur"; and let the illustrations be not by Aubrey Beardsley but by Dan Beard.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

## HERR LUDWIG'S LIGHTNING SKETCHES

**Genius and Character.** By EMIL LUDWIG. Translated by KENNETH BURKE. (Cape. 12s. 6d.)

THE really short biographical essay is an extremely difficult and insidious literary form. It may be easily possible to say or to suggest in 3,000 words all that there is to say about "Smith at thirty," or about "Smith and Mrs. Brown," or about "Smith as historian"; but to write 3,000 words and call it "Smith" is often an act of presumption, and nearly always one of difficulty and danger to the reader, if not to the writer. A great deal depends, of course, on who Smith is. If all the world knows a lot about Smith, the short biographical sketch, soberly handled, takes its place in effect as the summarizing chapter at the end of a long biography. But the man who wants to learn about Smith is nearly always well advised to begin with a long book about him. He then has his solid roast of fact, and can linger over the glacé epigram, the savoury generalization, which is all that the short essay can provide. On the other hand, if the essay is tossed off as a cocktail, it may be so potent a joy as to be mistaken for the body of the feast.

This last of Herr Ludwig's books to be translated is so different from his others that it almost compels the reader to take stock of the biographer's art. On previous occasions he has proved his ability to deal faithfully with a famous man in 500 pages. Here we find him sketching twenty lives in much less space than he devoted to William Hohenzollern or Napoleon. The reader who took the trouble to strike a critical balance of his large-scale work would note, as virtues, a brilliant handling of facts in the mass, an uncommon insight into emotional conflict, a power of using a vividly sketched scene to advance an argument; and, as defects, a tendency to over-state and over-dramatize, a gusty didacticism, and (at least in translation) a fondness for the heavier literary ornaments. It might be argued that his talents would show to greatest advantage when deployed in a large space: one could watch him making tactical mistakes which were, nevertheless, swept on to victory by the grand strategy of his main action. This being admitted, it would be surprising to find him equally at home in a cramped space, where most of his virtues are at a discount, most of his defects at a premium; and, in fact, as a lightning worker he is rather disappointing. All of these essays are worth reading for their occasional felicities and for the sense which they convey of the pressure of a powerful intelligence. But in most of them the pressure is too great; there is diffusion in highly oracular clouds, or a sudden, surprising detonation. Frederick the Great, Bismarck, Rathenau, Shakespeare, and Rembrandt are dashed off in about ten pages. Balzac, on the other hand, gets nearly fifty. Classifying simply as to length, it would not be

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unfair to say that of these essays the shortest are the most heavily brilliant and the most irritating, and the longest are the duller and the best. There is, however, one significant exception. Herr Ludwig's exhibition of Voltaire in eighteen tableaux is a great success, because Voltaire is very well seen in sharp glimpses, and Herr Ludwig is very cunning in their construction. Here, for a few pages, destiny and the logic of history are allowed to recede. The air is crisp and keen; comedy flits from group to group; the epigrams are epigrammatic, and all is light, brief, and satisfying. With Woodrow Wilson it is otherwise. Herr Ludwig shows him pacing his homeward-bound ship the night after the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. He pauses before a picture of Washington, who obligingly steps down from the canvas and tries to cheer him up. The subsequent proceedings are moral but elephantine.

It is difficult without copious quotation to point one's accumulated small dissatisfactions with this book. "Balzac" opens thus:—

"The garret lies in the silence of night; the oil lamp is burning on the broad table; behind the green shade a man with an enormous head is bent over his papers. There is no other sound in the house; but up the steep walls from the depths below, through the window opened to the warmth of summer, comes the rustle of sleeping Paris. The last dancer has long since tossed his dinner-jacket down beside the bed, and the tradesmen who will be hurrying first to market are not yet awake. . . . This is the watchman of Paris, born to the task of peering at his century hour by hour, high above the metropolis, night after night, the warder of his age. . . ."

The spell holds for a page, and this is what breaks it:—

"Now he rises to waken his comrade, for this typical Occidental has as his lone companion during these long nights an Oriental without which he cannot exist—his coffee, his stimulant."

By contrast, "Bismarck" opens with a big drum, celebrating in the second person the statesman's physical strength. The third person then appears suddenly in the middle of a paragraph, with this astonishing news:—

"Like every strong man, he once saved his own life."

It would be instructive to analyze the sense and non-sense in this pronouncement on Cecil Rhodes:—

"Rhodes was more Roman than any Englishman had ever been: realistic, tragic, and Philistine; a judge of men, a republican, and a diplomat; unerotic, irreligious, educated; a romanticist of distinction, a genius as colonizer, an imperialist to the point of madness."

The essay on Rhodes underlines, indeed, the insistence with which Herr Ludwig in his preface maintains the analogy between biography and painting. Rhodes must be "done" with a dozen strokes of the pencil. There is a hint of the Roman in this man's profile. Very well, then. Amplify the well-known curve, add the familiar properties, and the thing is done. The result is not only clever, it is oddly noble. But it is a caricature.

Finally, a question. The publisher's statement on the dust-cover refers to this as "a new book." Is it a new book or only a new translation?

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**The Life of a Priest: My Own Experience, 1867-1912.** By ALBERT HOUTIN. With Introductory Note by SIR J. G. FRAZER and Memoir by GIOVANNI PIOLI. Translated by WINIFRED STEPHENS WHALE. (Watts & Co. 8s. 6d.)

**Church Rebels and Pioneers.** By the REV. J. M. WITHEROW, D.D. (Religious Tract Society. 7s. 6d.)

**John Bunyan.** By R. H. COATS, M.A. (Student Christian Movement. 4s. Paper cover, 2s. 6d.)

RELIGIOUS biography, concerned as it must be with the deepest impulses of the human soul, should be one of the most engrossing of all branches of literature, yet as a whole it has in the minds of too many people created for itself a tradition of dreariness. Various reasons may be cited: that it is written by the wrong persons, and that it is too often addressed to second- rather than to first-rate intelligences, basing its judgments upon an outmoded intellectual scheme, and taking

for granted primary definitions which most of us no longer find acceptable. It makes all too little use of even the older psychology (to Mr. Coats a reference to William James "seems almost a profanation"), fearing perhaps—we should say needlessly—that to explain the divine is to explain it away, and, possibly as one consequence, it tends to deal quickly and conventionally with the facts and significances of conversion, and to concentrate attention upon the resultant activities. Yet it should be an axiom of religious biography that its subject is the mystery of the man himself; his "works" belong rather to the department of history.

Further, these writers seem often slow, it may be fearful, to accept implications. Mr. Witherow, for example, takes for his subject a number of men of genuine religious spirit who since the Reformation have been forced out of the Established Church by the very force of their sincerity, to become the founders of Nonconformist Churches; again, he writes of others who have been driven out of the latter bodies in the same way and for the same reason. He applauds his subjects' initiative and freedom, and the good work that followed, but he never seems free himself to draw the inevitable conclusion and to wonder whether the religious and the ecclesiastical spirits may not be fundamentally incompatible, eternally at odds, whether Jesus persecuted by the Jewish priests may not have been simply the type-victim of the type-Church, whether there can in fact be any logical halting-place between an absolute acceptance of Roman "authority" and the rejection of all ecclesiastical organizations in favour of an expression of the religious spirit as free and individual as is that of the artistic spirit.

It is, partly at least, because Albert Houtin set no limits at all to his mind's voyage of discovery that his book is far the most interesting of these three. He was, as many will know, a French priest who set before himself the ideal to prove all things, to hold fast to that which was true to his individual reason and experience, and who found very quickly that there was no room for him in the Catholic Church which he desired to serve. In these pages he tells the story of his education at the seminary at Angers, his period as a Benedictine novice, his ordination as a priest, his return to the seminary where he presently became librarian and professor of history, his first researches into early Church history, and the campaign of attempted suppression which at once began against him. He had already to some extent been disillusioned by the jealousy and intrigue everywhere prevalent among his fellows and masters; he had found as pupil, Benedictine, priest, and teacher that the one thing required of him was submission to his spiritual superiors. Now he found that he was forbidden to question not only Catholic theology but equally Catholic history and Catholic legend. "Meddle with any particular point," he was told again and again, and "all the building will shake and crash." Presently, under the repetition of such advice, he was led from the examination of "particular points" to that of the building itself. Not merely did he find it rotten with the corruption of self-seeking, but in the end he ceased to believe even in the solidity of its foundations. The interest of this modern pilgrim's progress is undeniable, and we welcome this satisfactory if not impressive translation, yet it must be added that Houtin's book is not to be ranked among the great religious autobiographies. Here again we seem never permitted to see the man's soul naked; it is too frequently merged, like his opponents, in intrigue and controversial activities. The part Houtin played in the struggle for Church Disestablishment in France in 1907 means less to us than the more personal struggle of which it marked a phase.

The other two books may be passed over briefly. The author of "Church Rebels and Pioneers" seeks to further the cause of reunion between the various Christian Churches of this country by making clear the circumstances under which division originally took place. He recounts fairly-mindedly but without profundity the beliefs and activities of the founders of the Congregationalist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist sects, but he is certainly not exempt from the restrictions outlined above. Neither is Mr. Coats in his account of the life and writings of Bunyan; he gets a good deal of matter into his 120 pages, but he may be said to "tell us about" rather than to illuminate the subject of his study.

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What Sir Julian Corbett did for Drake—to whom Mr. Williamson is not always quite just—Mr. Williamson has done for Hawkins. It needed doing, though Oppenheim and others had done something to clear the ground. The whole progress of sixteenth-century maritime history might be summarized in the contrast between the old tarry-brecks of a sea-dog who figures in "Westward Ho," and the figure that emerges from Mr. Williamson's pages—a wealthy and enterprising merchant, a subtle politician, an administrator of rare ability, something of a dandy in dress, and distinguished, on excellent evidence, for dignity of bearing and persuasive speech.

It must not be thought that Mr. Williamson is merely substituting one legend for another. His book, which is admirably documented, is obviously the fruit of immense research, and his judgment is nearly always sound. He has unearthed

much fresh material, and nearly all of it is to Hawkins's credit. In the matter of the slave trade and of diplomatic honesty, Hawkins was a man of his time; in most things he was in advance of it. In organizing ability and provision for the health of his crews he unquestionably surpassed Drake. His administration of the Navy, under the two contracts of 1579 and 1585, was triumphantly vindicated in the year of trial, 1588, and the evidence brought by Mr. Williamson should finally clear his memory of the charge of personal corruption brought by his detractors. Indeed, at more than one crisis of his career, he showed an ability to put national before private interests that was not common in the "spacious days" of Elizabeth.

As a biography the book is very good; but it is more than a biography. Hawkins himself was deeply concerned in the tortuous foreign policy of his day—the support given to the Dutch and the Huguenots, the playing off of Spain and France and Portugal against each other. He was directly responsible for important naval reforms. He was a prime mover in many schemes of commercial expansion, including the opening up of East Indian trade, which Mr. Williamson believes to have been the main object, and not merely an incident, of Drake's voyage of circumnavigation. These things form the background of the story, and on all of them Mr. Williamson throws new light. His book is a very notable and a very fascinating contribution to the history of maritime enterprise and Tudor policy. It is excellently illustrated.

Mr. Llewelyn Powys has had a simpler task; but he, too, has brought his hero into relation with the political and economic tendencies of his time. He is specially to be commended because he has not only made clear the motives of the search for a North-East or North-West passage to Asia, but has given a sufficiently clear picture of the state of contemporary geographical knowledge and theory, to make it intelligible that syndicates of hard-headed English and Dutch merchants should have been willing to finance the search. It is not his fault that he has a somewhat unimpressive hero—for Hudson, while he was an intrepid explorer, was a

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wretched leader, at once weak and blustering. Mr. Powys is a little prone to underline the picturesque, and to pad his narrative with moralizing; but he has passages of admirable description, and is at his best, as he should be, in telling of the final tragedy of mutiny and desertion in Hudson's Bay. He has achieved a distinct "scoop" in unearthing the verdict on the mutineers, part of which is reproduced. A word of thanks must be added for the clear sketch maps and the full bibliography.

C. ERNEST FAYLE.

### NAPOLEON: THE MAN

**Napoleon: The Man.** By R. McNAIR WILSON. (Murray, 21s.)  
**Napoleon and his Family.** By WALTER GEER. (Brentano, 85s.)

It is so much the fashion nowadays to consider Napoleon as an individual with an inner life, rather than as an historical figure, that were only contemporary studies of him to survive for the information of scholars two thousand years hence, they might never learn that he was not only a man, but also an emperor and a consummate general. This biographical method was recently vindicated by Herr Ludwig in his book where facts and dates, though always assumed, are seldom mentioned; but now Dr. McNair Wilson has exploited the historian's imaginative licence *ad absurdum*. Not content with titling his book "The Man," Dr. Wilson so designates Napoleon throughout his five hundred and fifty-four pages; and, unlike Herr Ludwig, he has completely failed in his dangerous attempt to write a popular, dramatic reconstruction of Napoleon's efforts and ideals.

He claims in his preface that the man whom he has "tried to portray in the following pages has never yet been portrayed in any biography"; and as it is his obstinate endeavour to depict Napoleon as a peace-loving apostle of Revolution, on whom the wicked Kings thrust war and glory against his will, he has not claimed too much. Whether from a desire to be original at all costs, or from a genuine but purblind idolatry (as seems more likely), he has whitewashed Napoleon into a plaster saint, and sacrificed both history and art before his altar—since his tribute is no more readable than it is sound. Not only does he maintain that "Napoleon never failed of his real purpose—the establishment of the ideal of the French Revolution—Democracy—in the mind of Europe," but he will not allow that this crusade was hampered by love of outward state, and the determination to set up a ruling dynasty of Bonapartes.

Now Herr Ludwig, for all his admiration of Napoleon, has shown that this reliance on his family even after it had repeatedly betrayed him was the weak place alike in his character and his career; and it is to the development of this same idea that Mr. Walter Geer is devoting his latest book about Napoleon. Contrary to the prevalent custom, "Napoleon and his Family" is compact of dates and facts; and although many of them are trivial in themselves, they possess cumulative force and interest. The volume is the first of a trilogy which is to trace the whole history of Napoleon's brothers and sisters, together with their wives, husbands, mistresses, lovers, and children; and of Napoleon himself in the rôle of Corsican clansman—the vainest and pettiest rôle that he ever played. For it was vanity as well as mistaken loyalty that made him prefer his brothers as kings—because they were his own relations, and not because they were competent to rule. Nor was his forgiveness of their stupidity and treachery due only to good-nature (a quality in itself sufficiently reprehensible under the circumstances), but also to his conceited refusal to see anything bad in his own kith and kin. In either case it was a weakness, and Mr. Geer is probably right when he says "that the downfall of Napoleon was mainly due to the members of his family, whom he had raised so high, who by their shortcomings and their transgressions became the agents of his decline."

Mr. Geer has evidently dealt fairly with his mass of material, and gives many references to his authorities; but his judgments are agreeably original and partial—especially his dislike of "Madame Mere," and his championship of the wanton Pauline. Indeed, although it is a solid and scholarly piece of work (or perhaps *because* of this), it contains more "human interest" and vitality than a dozen popular rhapsodies about Napoleon the Man.

### BRAHMS AND CLARA SCHUMANN

**Letters of Clara Schumann and Johannes Brahms, 1853-1896.**  
 Edited by DR. BERTHOLD LITZMANN. Two vols. (Arnold, 36s.)

COLLECTIONS of private correspondence have, for the public familiar with the writer's name, a value and interest which is of secondary account. They are neither the simplest nor the surest means of learning biographical details; nor are they, except in the rarest cases, endowed with that literary flavour which can give a direct pleasure to the reader. That posterity instead of the waste-paper basket receives them is due to their association with the writer's fame as well as the recipient's sentiment. The letters of a very young composer to a brilliant pianist some fourteen years his senior obviously owe their initial preservation to the latter cause; and throughout the correspondence the question of mutual relationship takes first place. Neither Brahms nor Clara Schumann wrote outstanding letters. These contain, besides musical affairs, the usual trivialities, scraps of news, discussions of immediate plans, that give old letters their depressing flavour of remote activity. The translator has done wisely to abridge the exhaustive German collection and so reduce unnecessary bulk. For it is impossible that every letter should reveal character or relationship, and for the most part they are products, rather than proofs, of a friendship lasting over forty years.

The nature of the friendship is not easy to define. In his early letters Brahms appears almost as a lover. "I can do nothing but think of you." "Your letters are like kisses." "I regret every word I write to you which does not speak of love." He is enthusiastic over Clara; but he is also enthusiastic over Robert, who had drawn attention to Brahms's musical career by an article that prophesied his fame as a creative artist. Through the glamour which the Schumann family possessed for Brahms, his personal sentiments towards Clara are hardly to be disentangled from his eager sympathy regarding her husband's condition. It is unfortunate that Clara subsequently destroyed all her own letters of this period. Her later ones, if detailed, are restrained; but Brahms, too, has fallen into the more sober attitude of

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a middle-aged friend. He is no longer trying to say more than he can comfortably express in words, longing to resort to the eloquence of music, pouring out impulsive letters at intervals of two days. If they are still blundering and clumsily worded it is Clara who is offended by his want of tact. Her rankling irritation over his boorish and unpleasant behaviour on a visit suddenly wells up; or she is hurt when he sends a Schumann manuscript to a publisher without her knowledge. She may apply to him for technical advice, but on these strained occasions it is always Brahms who bows to Clara, even while he writes protestingly:—

"After forty years of faithful service (or whatever you care to call my relationship to you), it is very hard to be merely 'another unhappy experience.'"

But the faithful service, or whatever else it is to be called, weathers the last storm and sails on for another four years; till Clara, reminded of Brahms's birthday during her last illness, sends him an incoherent line of greeting and dies within a fortnight.

SYLVA NORMAN.

### SIR HERBERT BARKER

**Leaves from My Life.** By SIR HERBERT A. BARKER. (Hutchinson. 21s.)

MR. BERNARD SHAW once described Sir Herbert Barker as "a worker of miracles"; and such the famous "bone-setter" must appear to the many patients who have been cured by him after conventional surgery had abandoned their cases as hopeless. Yet, in this very frank volume of reminiscences, Sir Herbert insists upon the fact that there is nothing miraculous in his methods. Not once, but repeatedly, he has sought the opportunity of proving to an impartial jury of doctors and laymen that manipulative surgery is an art that can be demonstrated and taught; but that opportunity has never been granted him. If there has been anything miraculous in Sir Herbert's record, it has been the courage and determination with which he has faced the blind and bitter opposition of the Medical Faculty; and his fortitude is the more remarkable in that he has himself been delicate all his life and has suffered from a spinal complaint which, ironically enough, he could easily have cured, if he had been able to reach the source of trouble!

Sir Herbert's career has been one of single-minded devotion to the cause of manipulative surgery. He has had few other interests; and consequently his book is a reasoned defence rather than an entertaining narrative. There are, it is true, a few amusing stories and some interesting, if slight, portraits of famous men and women who have been among the writer's patients. But the volume is almost entirely devoted to evidence—firstly, of typical cures which Sir Herbert has effected, and, secondly, of the obstructionist tactics of the Medical Press and the General Medical Council. There are copious extracts from correspondence and from newspaper files; and if the book grows somewhat tedious, it is only because the piling up of documentary proof seems unnecessary. Any open-minded and intelligent reader will be prepared to take the case as proven long before the end of the volume is reached. It is not merely that the evidence itself is so conclusive. Even more convincing, if possible, is the spirit in which Sir Herbert writes. We feel that he himself is incapable of cupidity or exaggeration, and his own patent sincerity and simplicity throw into still blacker relief the petty jealousy and crabbed prejudice of the General Medical Council. Particularly damaging to that body is the correspondence between it and the representatives of Dr. Axham, Sir Herbert's anaesthetist. It is clear that, after the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh had restored Dr. Axham's licence, the General Medical Council evasively played for time in the well-founded hope that Sir Herbert's devoted assistant would die before his reinstatement on the Register became unavoidable.

But, while he places all the facts before us, Sir Herbert writes without bitterness; and there is a brighter side to his picture. He speaks glowingly of the help and encouragement given to him by the general, as distinct from the medical, Press; and he pays special tribute to editors so diverse as W. T. Stead, R. B. Blumenfeld, and Mr. W. L. Courtney.

## ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

ONE of the first of the season's autobiographies is "My Gamble with Life," by the Earl of Rosslyn (Cassell, 25s.). Dame Millicent Fawcett has written a *Life of Josephine Butler*, which is published by the Association for Moral and Social Hygiene (2s. 6d. cloth; 1s. 6d. paper). "Henry Thoreau, the Cosmic Yankee," by J. Brooks Atkinson (Knopf, 8s. 6d.), is part biography, part appreciation and criticism. "Five Years in Turkey," by Liman von Sanders (Baillière, Tindall & Cox, 16s.), is an account of events in Turkey during the war by the well-known German General.

"Across Asia's Snows and Deserts," by William J. Morden (Putnam, 21s.), is a good travel book, describing the experiences of the American Morden-Clark Expedition across Asia from Bombay to Peking. "So You're going to France," by Clara E. Laughlin (Methuen, 10s. 6d.), gives an illustrated description of places to be visited by motor-car and train in France. Mr. Stephen Graham gives sketches of the night life of New York in "New York Nights" (Benn, 12s. 6d.).

"An Annotated Map-Book of the British Empire," by Keith le Cheminant (Routledge, 3s. 6d.), is intended to show the importance of sketch maps in geographical work. "Philips's Handy Administrative Atlas, England and Wales" (Philips, 6s.) should be very valuable to those engaged in Parliamentary or Local Government work.

Mr. Brimley Johnson has edited in "The Quill Library" a selection of "The Letters of Richard Steele" (Bodley Head, 6s.).

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**Journal of the Waterloo Campaign.** By the late GENERAL CAVALIER MERCER. With an Introduction by the HON. SIR JOHN FORBES. (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.)

Mercer's diary of the campaign of 1815 has two points of special interest. It was written up from notes actually made, day by day, during the course of the campaign, and it presents the picture from the point of view of the artillery, not usually very well represented in military literature. Mercer was a keen observer, and he describes graphically the landing, the gathering of the Allied army, the fighting of June 16th-18th, and the subsequent march on Paris. He was strongly prejudiced against Wellington, who was not popular with the artillery; but this can easily be allowed for, and detracts little from the value of his first-hand impressions. The lack of an index is the only defect in a convenient and attractive reprint.

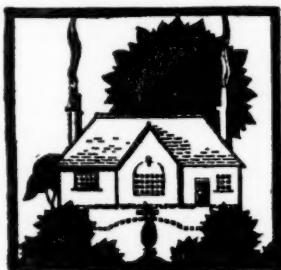
**Ceylon, Past and Present.** By MAJOR C. M. HENRIQUEZ. (Hurst & Blackett. 21s.)

Major Henriquez appears to have spent about 2½ months in Ceylon. He covered a considerable amount of ground in the time and acquired a great deal of knowledge. He has to some extent studied the history and antiquities of the island. Perhaps wisely, considering the time at his disposal, he stuck to the beaten track of Mahintale, Polonnaruwa, &c., and the first part of his book is an interesting account of ancient Sinhalese history. The second part of his book contains a brief account of modern Ceylon from the globe-trotter's point of view. It is a pity that Major Henriquez had not the time to get further than Dondra Head in the South; the ruins of Tissamaharama are important and would have interested him.

**The Ramblings of a Bird Lover.** By CHARLES E. RAVEN. (Martin Hopkinson. 10s. 6d.)

Canon Raven is an excellent observer and photographer of birds. Most of the sixty-seven photographs in his present book are admirable. He also writes attractively about his hobby, or perhaps one should call it science or art. His book is essentially the book of a field naturalist. In it he describes the birds observed by him in several different parts of the British Isles, the Lakes, Puffin Island, Glandore in Ireland, East Lothian, Sutherland far North, the Lancashire coast. His enthusiasm is such that, if his reader has not got it before, he will almost certainly have it after reading the book.

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## THE OWNER-DRIVER

### A NEW LIGHT "SIX"

SIR HERBERT AUSTIN told me at the Motor Show in October that he was not promising deliveries of his new "Light Six" until March next, but already a few have been distributed amongst the dealers, who I have reason to know are congratulating themselves upon a most interesting addition to the Austin range, which is now so comprehensive that it embraces three four-cylinder cars varying from 7 to 20 h.p. and two "Sixes" of 16 and 24 h.p.

Only a well-developed sense of caution prevents one from joining the trade in its most enthusiastic reception of the new model. It was not shown at Olympia, but Sir Herbert Austin assured me there that it had emerged from the chrysalis stage with extraordinary success, and that I should be surprised at its road performance. *I am.*

I refused to join "the crowd" in 1919 in the cry that side-by-side valve engines would soon be as dead as the dodo, and have been equally reluctant to condemn the car with only four cylinders. The Austin Company's policy seems to have been dominated by similar considerations, and they are making more "Fours" than ever; but as the demand for "Sixes" increases they have ready two models which they may hope to sell in the competitive market. The new 16 h.p. model, a British chassis with British saloon coachwork, at £395, will not be lightly set aside by discriminating buyers in favour of any foreign production.

There is nothing experimental about the latest chassis—it is a typical Austin production, with a single plate clutch, four-speed gear box, and helical bevel gear for the final drive, mounted on roller bearings.

The six cylinder power-unit is a straightforward job, with detachable head and side-by-side valves and aluminium pistons. With a bore of 65.5 mm. and stroke of 111 mm., the capacity is 24 litres (2,249 c.c.), rated at 15.9 h.p. The crankshaft is carried in eight bearings of large diameter, so it is easy to understand why the engine runs so sweetly even at high speeds. The weight of the chassis has been kept down to 14 cwt., and with a saloon body the car should do 60 miles an hour.

All the refinement of a lively six-cylinder engine, with 25 per cent. more horse-power than the Austin "Twelve," is available for £70 more than the smaller four-cylinder.

The six light, four-door coachwork is offered with leather, mohair, or Bedford cord upholstery, and special pains have been taken to prevent the cracking of the cellulose finish. The fittings include radiator motometer, dipping headlights, automatic windscreen wiper, electric horn, dashlamps, speedometer, clock, driving mirror, air strangler, shock absorbers fore and aft, spring gaiters, and luggage carrier.

I found the new model a most mannerly car to handle in traffic, full of life on the open road, well sprung, and fitted with an adequate set of brakes on all four speeds, operated by the pedal. The hand lever is connected to an efficient transmission brake.

The feeling inspired by the new "Sixteen" is that it will soon win for itself a niche amongst the "light sixes" equal to that already occupied by the four-cylinder models of the Austin "Twelve." If it justifies itself to that extent it will indeed be a popular car.

### A "SUNSHINE" SALOON.

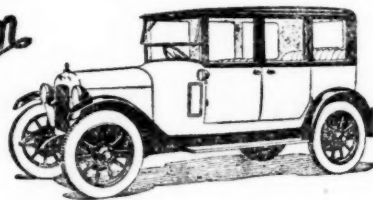
The new Rover "Ten" Weymann Saloon, described in these Notes a few months ago, is now available with a folding top at the same price—£250. This "Riviera" model is a very sound attempt to provide an enclosed car which may be opened on bright, sunny days. The head is in leather fabric, with antique finish, to match the flexible body, and is fitted with hood sticks similar to those used on open touring cars—with this difference: they don't drop down behind the back seat, but rest on the roof immediately above the heads of the rear passengers. A loose cover is provided to hold the folded sticks down and to protect the material from dust.

I am greatly impressed with the simplicity of the arrangement and the ease with which the top may be opened or closed from inside the car. The best feature of all is the absolute weather-proofness of the roof when the car is closed, and this is secured without the use of any straps or buttons.

RAYNER ROBERTS.

*Bona-fide readers of THE NATION may submit any of their motoring inquiries to our Motoring Correspondent for his comments and advice. They should be addressed: Rayner Roberts, THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 38, Great James Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.*

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## FINANCIAL SECTION

## THE WEEK IN THE CITY

## INDIA 4½ PER CENT. AND TRUSTEES—NEW INVESTMENT TRUSTS—BRITISH ENKA.

"WHERE does the money come from?" is the usual question asked when an issue like the £7,500,000 India 4½ per cent. Stock at 91½ this week is over-subscribed. The profound answer is "From one pocket to another." The less profound broker will argue that there are so many millions of pounds at the disposal of so many thousands of trustees who are all looking for good trustee securities to yield 5 per cent., and finding them scarce. It is easy to obtain an average yield of over 5 per cent. on trustee securities by taking such stocks as London & North Eastern 4 per cent. Second Preference at 64 to yield 6.25 per cent., or New South Wales 5½ per cent. 1947-57 at 100, or an Indian Railway guaranteed ordinary stock to yield, say, 5.75 per cent., but conservative trustees do not like to take the risks involved in holding stocks that should not properly be included in the trustee list. Hence the new India 4½ per cent. at 91½ to yield 5 per cent. with redemption in 1968 was welcome, particularly as India 3 per cent. and 3½ per cent. were standing at prices to yield only 4½ per cent. By applying for India 4½ per cent. a trustee could obtain an average yield of 5 per cent. on an investment of, say, £20,000 in the following way:—

	Price.	Flat Yield.
£5,000 War Loan 5% 1929-47 ...	101½	4.95%
£4,000 India 4½% ...	91½	4.92%
£7,000 Commonwealth of Australia 5% 1945-75 (Nov. issue) ...	98½	5.08%
£4,000 London Midland & Scottish 4% Guaranteed Stock ...	81	5.02%

To those who object to 5 per cent. War Loan being included in this list on the ground that it is a potentially short-dated security, we reply that the Government is not likely for some years to "get away" with any conversion of the £2,000 million block of 5 per cent. War Loan that is not attractive to holders from the point of view of yield.

That the demand for investment stocks is strong at the present time is shown by the success of two investment trust company issues—English & New York with 72,997 shares of £10, and Nineteen Twenty-eight Trust with 125,000 shares of £10. Dealings in the first began on Monday at a premium of 10s., while so great was the demand for firm shares in the second that £1,000,000 was placed privately in two or three days, leaving the public to subscribe for only 25,000 shares. The success of an investment trust company depends entirely on management. Both these companies had directors who were connected with important issuing houses or investment trust companies. If a trustee has not the time or opportunity or ability to spread his investment risks among a large number of sound securities and watch those securities so as to protect his trust fund, he cannot do better than buy the ordinary stock of an investment trust company. A sum of £100 invested in the trust company is in effect spread among hundreds of good securities chosen by those who are presumably skilled in the management of trust funds.

Following the modern practice of trust companies the £10 shares of the English and New York Trust and the Nineteen Twenty-eight Trust will be converted when fully paid up into £6 of preference stock, entitled to a cumulative dividend of 5 per cent., and £4 of ordinary stock. The reason of this splitting may not be apparent to the man-in-the-street. It is in effect a manoeuvre to issue preference stock at 5 per cent. at a discount. By law no company can issue stock at a discount and ordinarily no new trust company could raise money at 5 per cent. But an investment trust ordinary stock, if it is backed by an influential and experienced board of directors, will generally go to a premium. Hence when the stock is split into preference and ordinary, the holders can sell the preference stock at a discount and still "break even" by selling ordinary stock (if they want to) at a premium. The new buyers of the preference stock at a discount will have a stock yielding over 5 per cent. The "splitting" practice is so estab-

lished that old trust companies often buy the preference stocks of a new trust company at the discount after "splitting" merely for the rise of a few points that is bound to come as the new stock gets absorbed.

Dealings began a week ago in the £1 shares of British Enka, manufacturers of viscose and artificial silk, at 2½. It is always difficult to ascertain whether "placed" shares are being introduced on the Stock Exchange at a fair price. The British Enka has a capital of £1,000,000, of which 150,000 shares were credited as fully paid to the Maekubee Company: (a) for the acquisition of the British Empire rights of the Dutch Enka patents owned by Maekubee; (b) for services rendered as technical advisers; (c) for a guarantee of 6 per cent. interest from 1925-28 (Sep.) on £250,000 First Mortgage Convertible Debentures of British Enka. Further, 600,000 shares in British Enka were issued for cash at par to the Maekubee Company and the Union Corporation group in September, 1925, and 250,000 shares were issued for cash at par to shareholders in May, 1927. Altogether the Maekubee hold 50 per cent. of the issued capital. The original subscribers will therefore do well out of their British Enka holdings. We do not suggest that 2½ (now 2½) was not a fair price for the British Enka introduction. The Company's output from its Aintree, Liverpool, factory at present amounts to 11,000 lbs. per day, but the additional plant shortly to be completed will bring it up to 18,000 lbs. per day. In full production it is estimated that the Company will earn £400,000 or 40 per cent. As a lock-up with speculative possibilities the shares might be bought, but until some of the profit-taking sales are absorbed the shares are not likely to move far.

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## COMPANY MEETING.

BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO  
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Continued Growth of the Enterprise.

The Twenty-fifth Annual General Meeting of the British-American Tobacco Company, Limited, was held on the 16th inst., at the offices of the Company, Westminster House, 7, Millbank, S.W.1, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bart., the Chairman, presiding.

The Chairman, in the course of his speech, said: On the assets side of the Balance-Sheet, Loans to and Current Accounts with your Associated Companies, £5,390,631, show a decrease of £3,198,813. This is due partly to the fact that your loans to and current accounts with China have been substantially reduced owing to the conditions at present prevailing in that country, and partly to the fact that certain of your subsidiary Companies were under capitalized and you have subscribed for new shares for cash in such Companies, which enabled them to reduce their indebtedness to your Company.

Investments in Associated Companies show an increase from £16,919,375 to £20,135,601. This is the largest item on the Assets side, and shows an increase this year of £3,216,226. This is partly accounted for by the increase of your investments in other Associated Companies and in the purchase of new businesses.

Stocks of Leaf, Manufactured Goods and Materials at cost or under, now stand at £5,652,893, or an increase of £629,862. This is due to the increase in the purchase of leaf tobacco to meet increasing business. The Stocks of Leaf, Manufactured Goods and Materials have been carried at cost or under as in previous years.

The Accounts show a net profit for the year, after deducting all charges and providing for Income Tax, of £6,354,095, an increase of £158,278 over the previous year, which the Directors trust the shareholders will consider very satisfactory. Last year we carried forward a balance of £4,026,173, out of which we paid a final dividend of one shilling and eight pence per share (free of Income Tax) amounting to £1,958,298, which left us with a disposable balance of £2,067,874.

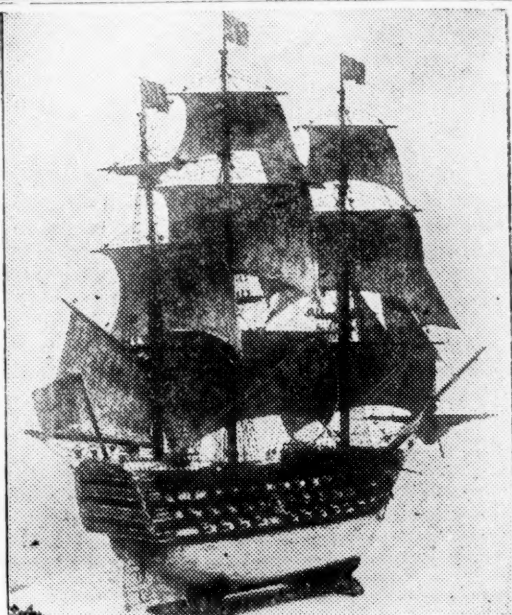
During the year some additional Coupons have been deposited with us in respect of the shares issuable in pursuance of the Extraordinary Resolution of the shareholders of June 21st, 1926, and we have allotted to shareholders 2,901 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, and a sum of £2,901 is deducted from the balance, leaving £2,064,973. To this must be added the profits for the year as previously mentioned, £6,354,095, less the Preference dividend amounting to £225,000, and the four interim dividends paid on the Ordinary Shares for the year amounting to £3,916,600, leaving a disposable balance of £4,277,468, out of which the Directors recommend the distribution on January 23rd instant of a final dividend (free of British Income Tax) on the issued Ordinary Shares of 1s. 8d. per share, amounting to £1,958,339 5s., leaving £2,319,129 13s. 3d. to be carried forward, all of which is required in the operations of the Company.

During the year under review there was no improvement in the trading conditions in China, and the revenues we derived from that country suffered substantially. We can only hope that the forces which are working in China for order, security, and prosperity will, in the end, prove triumphant.

At the end of last September we completed the first twenty-five years of the Company's operations, and it may be of interest to Shareholders if I give a little résumé of the growth of their enterprise. This Company was formed in September, 1902, with a capital of £6,000,000, divided into 1,500,000 Five per Cent. Preference Shares of £1 each and 4,500,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each. In our first month's trading we made a net loss of some £10,000, and our first year's earnings resulted in a net profit of £140,000. By September, 1912, our profits had grown to £1,981,159 and our capital was then 6,500,000 Ordinary Shares and 4,500,000 Preference Shares. From that time we have been fortunate in having an almost uninterrupted increase in prosperity, and to-day with an issued capital of £27,999,606, divided into 23,499,606 Ordinary Shares and 4,500,000 Preference Shares, we have a net profit of £6,354,095 17s. 5d.

Results for the year under review in nearly all parts of the world were very satisfactory, greatly due to the good management and efficiency of the Boards of Directors of the Associated Companies and the loyalty of their respective staffs. I am sure that you will join with me in congratulating them on the successful results they have achieved.

Mr. S. J. Gilchrist (one of the Deputy-Chairmen) seconded the Resolution, which was carried unanimously.



The Victory, 1805

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Joint Managing Directors:

FREDERICK HYDE EDGAR W. WOOLLEY

## Statement of Accounts

December 31st, 1927

LIABILITIES		£
Paid-up Capital .. .. .	12,665,793	
Reserve Fund .. .. .	12,665,798	
Current, Deposit & other Accounts (including Profit Balance) .. .. .	376,122,881	
Acceptances & Confirmed Credits .. .. .	20,160,434	
Engagements .. .. .	16,837,100	

ASSETS	
Coin, Gold Bullion, Notes & Balances with Bank of England .. .. .	49,763,778
Balances with, & Cheques on other Banks .. .. .	18,641,269
Money at Call & Short Notice .. .. .	27,539,077
Investments .. .. .	35,435,530
Bills Discounted .. .. .	49,314,778
Advances .. .. .	206,487,910
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits & Engagements .. .. .	36,997,594
Bank Premises .. .. .	7,635,646
Capital, Reserve & Undivided Profits of Belfast Banking Co. Ltd. .. .. .	1,343,781
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd. .. .. .	2,782,283
North of Scotland Bank Ltd. .. .. .	2,176,649
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd. .. .. .	363,776

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HUGHES PROFESSORSHIP OF CLASSICS & COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY.

APPLICATIONS are invited, not later than February 15th, 1928, for the above Professorship, which has been relinquished by Professor Darnley Naylor. Salary £1,100.

The Professor must take up his duties on June 1st, 1928, or the earliest date thereafter.

Reasonable travelling expenses, not exceeding £200, will be paid.

For further information apply to The Agent-General for South Australia, Australia House, Strand, London, to whom applications, marked "Hughes Professorship of Classics," should be sent.

## METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF GREENWICH.

APPOINTMENT OF TWO MALE JUNIOR ASSISTANTS (GRADE "A") BRANCH LIBRARY.

THE COUNCIL of the Metropolitan Borough of Greenwich is prepared to receive applications for the appointment of two Male Junior Assistants (Grade "A") for a Branch Library. Applicants must be not less than 16 nor more than 18 years of age.

The salary will commence at the rate of £102 per annum, rising on approved service, by four annual increments of not less than £7 10s.; then six annual increments of not less than £10; and after 15 years' service by two further annual increments of not less than £15. The above-mentioned salary may fluctuate in accordance with the cost of living figure.

The appointments will be subject to the provisions of the Council's Superannuation Act, and to the terms and conditions laid down in the scheme for recruitment, conditions of service and rates of pay of officers, adopted by the Council on June 6th, 1923, and the persons appointed must have passed one of the examinations set out on the form of application.

Applications must be in the handwriting of the applicants, on forms to be obtained from the undersigned, and must be accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, such applications to be sealed and endorsed "Library Assistant," and must be received here not later than 10 a.m. on Tuesday, January 31st, 1928.

The appointments will be terminable by one month's notice in writing on either side. Canvassing Members of the Council, either directly or indirectly, will be a disqualification.

Stamped addressed foolscap envelope must accompany application for form.

FREDERICK J. SIMPSON,  
Town Clerk.

Town Hall, Greenwich Road.

Greenwich, S.E.10.

January 18th, 1928.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF SOUTHEAST-ON-SEA  
EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

PRINCIPAL OF THE MUNICIPAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Principal of the Municipal School of Arts and Crafts. It will be part of the duties of the Principal to advise with regard to the teaching of Art in the Public Elementary Schools of the Borough.

The School contains at present about 320 students, of whom 120 are in full-time attendance in the Junior Art Department. The Architectural Department of the School is recognised by the Royal Institute of British Architects as exempting students from the Intermediate Examination of that Body.

Candidates must be fully qualified under the Regulations of the Board of Education and should be able to give evidence of organising ability with special knowledge of the application of art to industries, particularly the building trades.

The person appointed will be required to pass a medical examination.

The commencing salary will be from £650 to £700 per annum, according to qualifications and experience, and will rise by annual increments of £25 to a maximum of £850.

Applications, on forms to be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope, should be returned accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials not later than February 18th, 1928.

Canvassing directly or indirectly will be a disqualification.

JOHN SARGENT,  
Director of Education.

Education Office,  
20, Warrior Square,  
Southend-on-Sea.  
January, 1928.

## PENRHOS COLLEGE, COLWYN BAY.

OWING to the retirement of Miss Rosa Hovey, B.A., Principal of Penrhos College, Colwyn Bay, which will take place in July, 1928, the Governors will shortly appoint a new Principal, and invite applications from ladies who are graduates.

The School is a Wesleyan Foundation, and the Principal must be a member of the Wesleyan Church. All pupils are boarders; the present number in residence is 230.

Salary to commence at £1,200 per annum, with board and residence in the Main School Building.

The new Principal should take up her residence as soon as possible after the middle of August, 1928.

Applications by letter, with copies of testimonials, should be forwarded to Mr. C. H. Mitchell, 22, Lord Street, Liverpool, from whom further information may be obtained.

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University College, Gower Street, W.C.1.

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